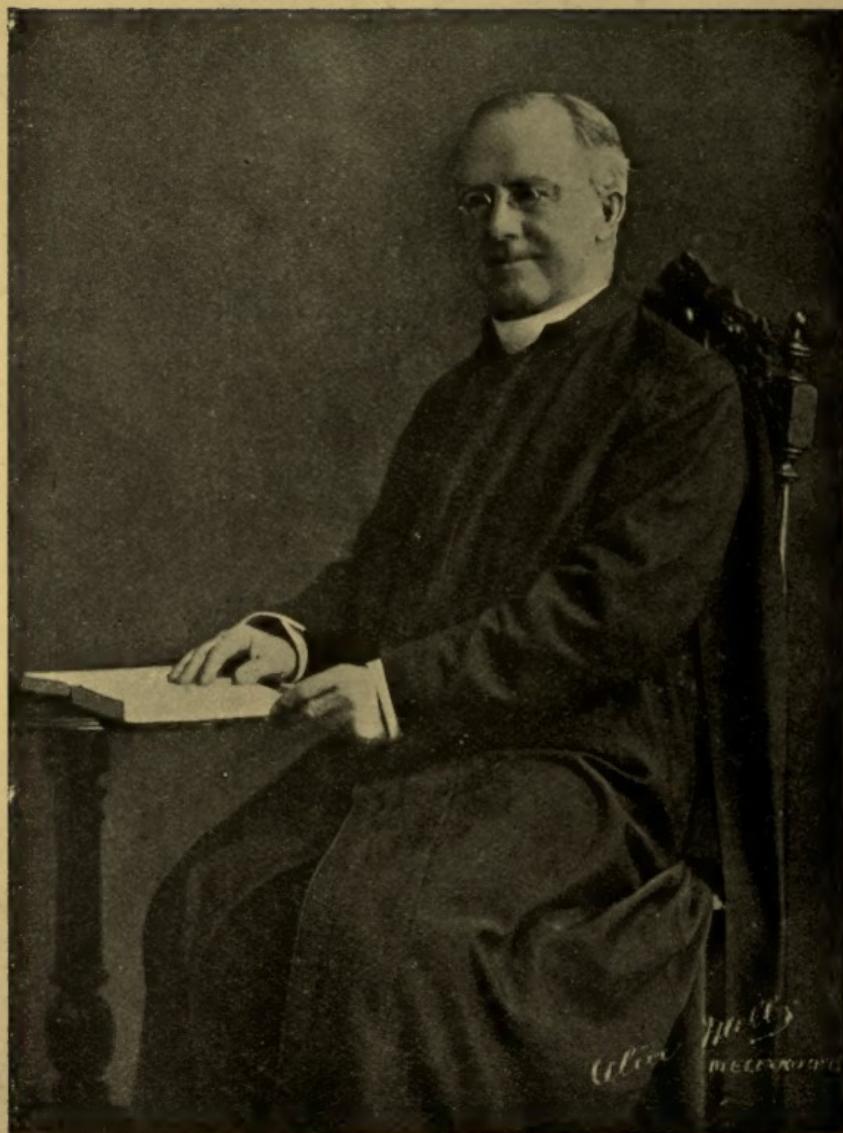


# THE STORY OF BURKE AND WILLS:

Sketches and Essays.

By

Rev. MICHAEL J. WATSON, S.J.



Yours truly,  
M. J. Watson, S.J.

THE STORY  
OF  
BURKE AND WILLS:  
WITH  
SKETCHES AND ESSAYS.

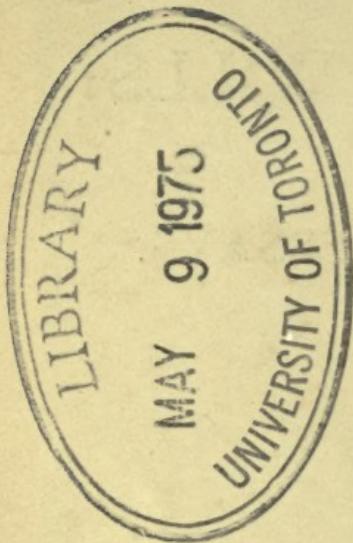


BY THE  
REV. MICHAEL J. WATSON, S.J.



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A. M. D. G.

## Preface.

The author of this volume leads a very busy and useful life. The loss of hearing which usually restrains joy and lessens interest in social and literary pursuits has apparently added, in his case, to the sunshine of his life and the productiveness of his pen. As lately as last Christmas he published a charming book, "Within the Soul," and now we have another volume of quaint and curious lore from the same limpid source. It is a book of essays. Many of them are connected with Australia and things Australian. Literary topics such as "Elegies and Epitaphs" and "Oliver Goldsmith," are discussed in a homely and fascinating way. Amusing papers *& la* Charles Lamb are not the least attractive pages of the publication. The volume contains also historical sketches of genuine interest.

We wish this informative and edifying book a very wide circulation.

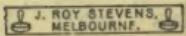
THOMAS J. CARR,

Archbishop of Melbourne.

St. Patrick's Cathedral,  
Melbourne,  
May 16th, 1911.

1934/57

... a short emulsion to reduce the  
driving pressure to each cell. The bottom has varied  
in position several times, yet relatively uniform  
dimensions have apparently prevail here. The  
emulsion is contained in a thin skin of flexible  
plastic film, and its encapsulation probably  
provides a buffering and insulation effect  
which may well be "like cold milk".  
The emulsion has been designed to contain monomer  
and in addition small amounts of initiator and  
crosslinker to assist polymerisation.  
The capsule is then coated with a  
thin layer of lacquer which is  
then dried.



The capsule has been designed to be used in a  
small amount of liquid which is already saturated  
with monomer and initiator, and this  
encapsulated resin is then polymerised by  
means of ultraviolet light. The  
polymerising agent may be  
either a mercury-vapour lamp or  
an arc lamp.

## ANALYSTIC

... to consider

# “WITHIN THE SOUL” HELPS IN THE SPIRITUAL LIFE.

By REV. M. J. WATSON, S.J. Price 2/6.

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HIS EMINENCE PATRICK FRANCIS CARDINAL MORAN, Sydney, wrote (a few days before his death) to the Author:—“I have received your excellent little work ‘Within the Soul,’ to which I wish every success. The title is not attractive, and many persons may be deterred from taking it up supposing that it treats of some abstruse psychological subjects. Hoping that you will give us a great many pious works and wishing you every blessing.”

THE MOST REV. DR. KELLY, Archbishop of Sydney:—“Your neat handy volume of ascetic topics, commends itself to my perusal as very praiseworthy in style and in matter. I congratulate you on being its author, and bespeak for it an extensive circulation.”

THE MOST REV. DR. REDWOOD, Archbishop of Wellington, N.Z., The RIGHT REV. DR. HIGGINS, Bishop of Ballarat, Vic., and the RIGHT REV. DR. NORTON, Bishop of Port Augusta, S.A., have recommended the work.

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## PRESS NOTICES.

Favourable notices have been published by Australian Catholic Papers.

The “Irish Theological Quarterly,” says:—“The essays contain much holy and beautiful thought, well expressed, and breathe throughout a spirit of earnest but sober piety.”

The London “Month”—“From far Australia comes a little book of devotional essays, ‘Within the Soul,’ a feature of which is the distinct literary flavour they convey.”

The “Irish Monthly”—“The essays are so terse, so sincere and so vivid, that the reader cannot tire of them, but goes from one to another with great freshness of interest and satisfaction.”

Similar notices appeared in the “Catholic Times,” the “Ave Maria,” “America,” and “Catholic Book Notes.”

# “FOR CHRIST AND HIS KINGDOM,”

Sonnets and Lyrics on Our Lord, His Holy  
Mother and the Saints,

By REV. M. J. WATSON, S.J. Price 1/3.

---

Of this volume the “Irish Monthly” says:—“Every line might be read as a prayer before the altar; but Father Watson, unlike some writers of devotional verse, has thought it right to be as careful about rhyme and rhythm, as the most sensitive of secular poets. The Marian section is perhaps the most poetical of the three. . . . We hope the book may find its way into many convents and pious homes.”

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# THE STORY OF BURKE AND WILLS.

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## I.—NORTHWARD HO!

**I**N one of the busiest thoroughfares of Melbourne, and close to the Houses of Parliament, rises a conspicuous public monument, a group in bronze, supported on a huge pedestal of granite. The figures, which are more than life-size, represent Robert O'Hara Burke, the leader of the Victorian Exploring Expedition of 1860, and William John Wills, his faithful companion. Wills is seated on a mound of earth, while beside him stands, with one hand resting on his shoulder, the tall and commanding figure of Burke. The block which upholds the group bears upon its sides four plates representing incidents of the Expedition.

The details of this daring and successful attempt to explore the island continent are not as well known, even within the limits of the Australian States, as they deserve to be. Not many tales of romance possess more interest than the story of the brave men, who traversed the solitary wastes of the wilderness and penetrated to the far-off seas, which bound

## SKETCHES AND ESSAYS.

them on the north, and who perished as they returned homeward. Some idea may be formed of the heroism of the explorers from the fact that before the Expedition of 1860 the interior of Australia was a geographical problem that had baffled the attempts which had been made to solve it. Moreover, the theories afloat regarding its hidden depths afforded anything but encouragement. According to one supposition, the vast central tract was an inland sea. This opinion was based on the flow of several rivers towards a depression in the interior, which is very little raised above the level of the ocean, while the land round the coast on the west, north, and east, rises gradually to an elevation of several thousand feet above the sea-level. Another theory asserted that it was an immense desert of sand or stone. Both theories have since been found to be partially true. The first is realised in Lake Eyre; and it is certain that there exists a wilderness of sand, as well as great shingle plains, which have received the name of the Stony Desert. The nature and extent of the Stony Desert are thus described by the late scientist, Father Julian Woods ("Discovery and Exploration of Australia") : "It is most probably a series of plains, instead of one vast desert, and is not all equally strewn with stones or destitute of vegetation. The stones, again, are not in every place of equal size. They are very small in some places, and form almost boulders in others."

The same author informs us that the desert sometimes rises into ridges from one hundred

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to two hundred feet high, covered with stone fragments; but where it is all of the same level, it assumes the appearance of an immense sea-beach, with large fragments of rock scattered over the surface or buried in the ground as if by the force of waters. The favourite theory with regard to this desert is that the stones are "the remains left by some long-continued current of running water through the centre of the continent." Burke and his party, with no trustworthy knowledge of the thousands of miles which they were to traverse, addressed themselves to the hitherto unaccomplished task of crossing the Australian continent from sea to sea. The following brief account of their journey from Melbourne to the Gulf of Carpentaria, and of the disasters which attended their return, is taken for the most part from the narrative of the explorers themselves.

It will be well at the outset to say a few words of the previous career of the two who most distinguished themselves during the exploration. Mr. Jackson's book, "Robert O'Hara Burke and the Australian Exploring Expedition of 1860," supplies us with the following facts. Robert O'Hara Burke was the third son of Thomas Hardiman Burke, the representative of one of the oldest families in the west of Ireland. He was born in 1821 at St. Cleran's, County of Galway. After studying at Woolwich Academy and in Belgium, he served as a lieutenant in the seventh regiment of Hungarian Hussars in the Austrian service, and on returning to his native land, obtained an appointment in the

Irish Constabulary. Shortly after his emigration to Australia in 1853, he procured an important position in the police force of Victoria. When the Crimean war broke out, he went home on leave of absence, hoping to obtain a commission and take part in the struggle. His expectations met with disappointment, and he returned to Australia. In 1860 he was appointed to the arduous post of leader of the Victorian Exploring Expedition.

William J. Wills was born at Totness, Devonshire, in 1834, and studied for the medical profession. In 1852 he emigrated with his father to Australia, where his talents and attainments enabled him to secure a position in the Melbourne Observatory. Requesting an appointment in the Exploring Expedition, he was nominated astronomical and meteorological observer and third in command, the second officer being a gentleman named Landells, who had imported from India the camels for the Expedition.

On the 20th August, 1860, in the midst of enthusiastic cheers, the Expedition defiled from the Royal Park, Melbourne. It consisted of fifteen men, who carried with them on camels and horses twelve months' provisions. Early in September they quitted the colony of Victoria, and crossing the Murray, entered the territory of New South Wales. They directed their course towards the Darling, a tributary of the Murray, and at Menindie, about 120 miles north of the point where the large river receives the waters of the smaller, Burke established his first depot.

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Here, owing to some disputes with the leader, Landells, the second officer, and Dr. Beckler, the medical adviser of the Expedition, resigned and refused to leave the settled districts. Wills succeeded as second in command.

Wishing to find for the conveyance of the heavy baggage a direct and well-watered route to Coopei's Creek (native name, the Barcoo), which is about 400 miles north of Menindie, Burke divided his men, and leaving nearly half behind under temporary command of Dr. Beckler, pushed on himself with Wills and six others. He took with him sixteen camels and the same number of horses. A Mr. Wright, of Menindie, undertook to guide him. After travelling upwards of 200 miles through a country which was for the most part splendidly grassed and abundantly supplied with water, he reached a swamp, called Torowotto, towards the end of October. From this place he sent back Wright with a despatch to Menindie. He appointed Wright third officer to the Expedition, and instructed him to bring up, as soon as possible to Cooper's Creek, the remainder of the stores and camels. Burke was afterwards blamed for entrusting a post of such importance to a man of whom he had no previous personal knowledge. The sudden resignation, however, of Landells and Dr. Beckler rendered the appointment of a third officer necessary, and Burke declared in his despatch that Wright bore "the very highest character." The latter, instead of obeying the strict injunctions which he had received to follow his leader at once with the

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stores, allowed most unaccountably three months to pass before starting for Cooper's Creek. This delay was the cause of serious disaster.

Burke's party reached Cooper's Creek without accident on the 11th of November. They established a depot on the banks of the stream beside a fine, deep reach about a mile long. Here the pasturage was excellent, and brushwood abounded. In the valleys formed by sandhills, through which the stream flowed, large and numerous box trees lent their shade to the waters. This depot became so infested with rats that it had to be abandoned; and a permanent one was formed lower down the Creek.

Pending the arrival of Wright with the rest of the Expedition frequent excursions were made to the north to discover the nature of the country. Wills advanced on one occasion ninety miles without finding water. The three camels he brought with him strayed into the brushwood and escaped; this obliged him to return. The camels found their way subsequently to the settled districts. It was only with much difficulty and danger that Wills and the man who accompanied him made their way back to Cooper's Creek. They took only forty-eight hours to reach it, although the summer heat was 130deg. in the sun and 112deg. in the shade.

The country between Menindie and Cooper's Creek had been traversed by Burke in twenty-two days, yet six weeks had elapsed since Wright's departure and there was still no sign

## STORY OF BURKE AND WILLS.

ot his coming. Tired of waiting, and anxious to avail himself of heavy rain-falls to the north, Burke resolved on leaving half of his present party at the depot, and undertaking with the rest to explore towards Carpentaria. Two horses were killed and dried for food; and a supply of provisions calculated to last for three months was carefully packed.

The 16th of December was the date fixed on for the departure of the advanced exploring party. On the morning of that day, after appointing William Brache to the command of the depot till Wright made his appearance, Burke shook hands with the men he left behind. One of them, an Irishman, who had known him since he was a boy, shed tears when bidding him good-bye. "Never mind, Patten, I shall soon return; but, if I am not here in a few months, you may go back to the Darling." Poor Burke probably had a presentiment he would never see him again.

It was characteristic of Burke, that he inspired much affection in all who knew him intimately. He was a favourite with the members of the Irish constabulary force, who served under him, several of whom followed him when he emigrated to Australia. Again, as Mr. Jackson informs us in the work already cited, his old nurse, Ellen Doherty, quitted her comfortable home on the family estate of St. Cleran's, and, at the age of sixty-five, made her way to Australia, to see once more, before she died, "her dear Master Robert." Her affectionate longings met with a sad disappointment; she unfortunately did not arrive

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in Melbourne before his departure on the expedition which proved fatal to him. Her case, however, attracted notice and sympathy, and she was provided for by the Victorian Government.

The advanced exploring party consisted of Burke, Wills, King and Gray. Brache accompanied his leader twenty-two miles down the Creek towards the west, and was desired by him when parting, not to leave the depot at Cooper's Creek, unless compelled by "absolute necessity." Wills requested Brache to remain for four months. In point of fact he remained for more than four months, though, when he commenced his return to the Darling, his provisions would have allowed him to remain much longer. Had he prolonged his stay by one day more, he would have saved the lives of Burke and Wills. In describing their setting out on this long and arduous journey, Father Woods says: "The little band with their train of camels were utterly ignorant of what was before them. They knew nothing from actual experience, and what they could have learned from others would give them only false impressions. So they slowly wended their way with doubt and anxiety, towards the reputed deserts which had baffled so many. Considering how many, there is something admirable in the attempt being made by so weak and inexperienced a party—something wonderful in its success—something very mournful in its fatality. To be successful and then to die, as men do in battle, might be an enviable lot, but to be successful,

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and then perish by such a death as that of the explorers! Well may we pity them as they go down into the desert with their little train of camels and their small resources." ("The Discovery and Exploration of Australia," vol. ii., chap. 22.)

The following order was observed by the exploring party: Burke and Wills walked on ahead, armed each with rifle and revolver, and steering in turn with a pocket compass; King led six camels, and Gray had charge of a horse. Wills examined the country, and every evening, after making astronomical observations, wrote his diary. Burke wrote but little, he considered it enough to hear Wills read his notes and to suggest the changes he judged necessary. Their daily rations were a pound of bread, the same quantity of meat, and occasionally a little rice. They slept in the open air. The diary, written by Wills, will supply us with the particulars of their progress.

On the day of departure, "a large tribe of blacks came pestering us to go to their camp and have a dance, which we declined. They were very troublesome, and nothing but the threat to shoot them will keep them away; they are, however, easily frightened, and although fine-looking men, decidedly not of a warlike disposition. They show the greatest inclination to take whatever they can, but will run no unnecessary risk in doing so. They seldom carry any weapon except a shield and a large kind of boomerang, which I believe, they use in killing rats, etc.; some-

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times, but very seldom, they have a large spear; reed spears seem to be quite unknown to them. They are, undoubtedly, a finer and better-looking race of men than the blacks on the Murray and Darling, and more peaceful; but in other respects, I believe, they did not compare favourably with them; for, from the little we have seen of them, they appear to be mean-spirited and contemptible in every respect." ("Diary.")

The country they passed through before they reached the Stony Desert in the north-west consisted of a series of plains, lightly timbered, richly grassed, and abounding with lagoons and watercourses. Pigeons, remarkable for their beautiful and graceful plumage, red-breasted cockatoos, and wild fowl of every description swarmed on the waters, and sometimes flew overhead in such numbers as to darken the air. The explorers came occasionally on valleys traversed by streams and presenting pictures of the most pleasing woodland scenery.

On the 22nd of December they reached the confines of the Stony Desert, whose level desolate wastes, thickly covered with rounded pieces of quartz and sandstone, they saw stretching away for miles and miles before them. They struck across it in a west, north-west direction. Wills says in his diary:—"I know not whether it arose from our exaggerated anticipation of horrors or not, but we thought it far from bad travelling ground; and, as to pasturage, it is only the actually stony ground that is bare." After crossing

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something more than twenty miles of the desert they came upon "a fine creek with a splendid sheet of water." It was named after Gray, one of the party. Here they rested for a day (December 24th), to celebrate Christmas. "This is doubly pleasant," says the diary, "as we had never, in our most sanguine moments, anticipated finding such a delightful oasis in the desert. Our camp was really an agreeable place, for we had all the advantages of food and water attending the position of a large creek or river, and were, at the same time, free from the annoyance of the numberless ants, flies and mosquitoes that are invariably met with among timber and heavy scrub."

Next day they traversed soft clay plains, and came upon an encampment of blacks, who beckoned them away to the north-east; but they held on their course of north-west-by-north, and soon met a magnificent creek running in the direction of the savages. As the day was very hot and the camels tired from travelling over the loose, yielding soil of the earthy plains, they halted beside this stream at one o'clock in the afternoon and remained there for the rest of the day. Starting next morning at five o'clock, they kept along the banks of the creek, which were steep, and rose to a height of about twenty or thirty feet above the water. Fine lines of timber and extensive tracts of box-forest, with grassy plains were seen in the neighbourhood of this stream. After crossing to the opposite bank at the first fording-place they met, they

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advanced in a due-north direction, but coming again on the creek, and finding that it turned too much to the east, they quitted it on the 30th December. They took with them a ten days' supply of water, as hills were visible to the north, which appeared to be stony. During the six or seven days that followed they travelled through a dreary desert, destitute of vegetation.

On the 7th of January, they entered the tropics. From this point the country underwent a striking change for the better. They first traversed "fine open plains of firm argillaceous soil" subject to inundations from the numerous creeks that intersected them. A few extracts from the diary will give a fair idea of the rich and fertile country which they now passed.

"January 8. As we proceeded, the country improved at every step; flocks of pigeons rose and flew off to the eastward, and fresh plants met our view on every rise; everything green and luxuriant. The horse licked his lips, and tried all he could to break his nose-string in order to get at the food. We camped at the foot of a sandy rise, where there was a large stony pan with plenty of water, and where the feed was equal in quality and superior as to variety to any that I have seen in Australia, excepting, perhaps, on some soils of volcanic origin.

"January 9. Traversed six miles of undulating plains, covered with vegetation richer than ever. Several ducks rose from the little creeks as we passed, and flocks of pigeons were

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flying in all directions. . . . The grasses are numerous, and many of them unknown to me, but they only constitute a moderate portion of the herbage; several kinds of spurious vetches and portulac, as well as saisolaceae, add to the luxuriance of the vegetation. At seven miles, we found ourselves in an open forest country. . . . We soon emerged again on open plains. At one spot we disturbed a fine bustard which was feeding in the long grass. I should have mentioned that one flew over our camp last evening in a northerly direction. This speaks well for the country and climate.

"January 12. We started at five a.m., and keeping as nearly as possible a due north course, traversed for about eight miles a splendid flat through which flow several fine, well-watered creeks, lined with white gum trees."

On this day they entered a series of low, slaty sandstone hills, which they called the Standish Ranges. The country they travelled through up to the 27th January was filled with ranges of different elevations, some of which they experienced great difficulty in crossing—"the camels," Burke's brief notes tell us, "groaning, bleeding, and sweating." There was a continuous rise perceptible all the way in crossing the ranges, while the large ant-hills which they met afforded a proof that they were coming to the north coast.

On the 27th January they reached one of the sources of the River Flinders. Burke called the stream the Cloncurry, after Lord Cloncurry, to whom he was related. Here

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the country was everywhere fresh and green; palm trees bearing abundance of fruit, just ripening, were numerous, and gave a picturesque and pleasant appearance to the stream. One of the camels could not be got out of the soft bed of the channel, and had to be abandoned, as blacks were observed to be hiding in the box-trees close by, and there was danger in delay. During the succeeding days heavy rains poured down, and the ground became so soft that the camels could scarcely travel.

Being convinced that they were now in the neighbourhood of the Gulf of Carpentaria, Burke determined (February 9th) to leave King and Gray at their 119th camp, or resting place, and proceed with Wills to the sea. He took with him the horse, "Billy," and three days' provisions. In crossing a stream "Billy" sank so deeply in a quicksand as to be unable to stir; the only means they found efficacious for extricating him was by undermining him on the creek side and lunging him into the water. The hole thus made served afterwards to point out the route followed by the explorers. They called this stream Billy's Creek.

Travelling due north, they arrived at an open plain covered with water, which was ankle deep. From inequalities in the ground, the water sometimes reached the knees. After wading through this for several miles they came to a hard, well-trodden path, which had been formed by the blacks. This path led to a forest, through which flowed a pretty water-

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course. They found a number of yams (the "Dioscorea" of Carpentaria), which the blacks had dug up and rejected but which sharp hunger made the explorers eat with great relish. About half-a-mile further on they saw a black resting by his camp-fire, whilst his wife and children were chatting beside him. "We stopped for a short time," says the Diary, "to take out the pistols that were on the horse, and to give them time to see us before we were so near as to frighten them. Just after we stopped, the black got up to stretch his limbs. It was very amusing to see the way in which he stared, standing for some time as if he thought he must be dreaming, and then having signalled to the others, they dropped on their haunches and shuffled off in the quietest manner possible. Near the fire was a fine hut, the best I have ever seen. . . . Hundreds of wild geese, plover and pelicans were enjoying themselves in the watercourses on the marsh, all the water in which was too brackish to be drinkable, except some holes that are filled by the stream that flows through the forest. The neighbourhood of this encampment, is one of the prettiest we have seen during the journey. Proceeding on our course across the marsh, we came to a channel through which the sea water enters; here we passed three blacks, who, as is universally their custom, pointed out to us, unmasked the best way down. This assisted us greatly, for the ground we were taking was very boggy, we moved slowly down about three miles, and then camped for the night."

They did not succeed in gaining sight of the

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open sea, as the swampy nature of the ground impeded their progress, and a forest of mangroves to the north, cut off the view. They determined, however, to proceed as far as possible, hoping to gaze on the wide waters of the Gulf of Carpentaria. They left the horse hobbled, and walked fifteen miles down the River Flinders, but they failed to reach the beach. This caused them no great concern, as they found that the tide regularly ebbed and flowed, and that the water was quite salt.

What their feelings of triumph were at the successful accomplishment of their undertaking, may be more easily imagined than described. Our two heroes (they were heroes surely in a noble sense of the word) succeeded in the enterprise that had baffled so many others, and performed a deed that would make their names famous to the end of time. They completely crossed the Australian Continent from south to north; they braved the dangers and opened up the depths of that immense region, over which mystery had so long hung, and which had been the object of so much curiosity; they demonstrated that the vast central tract of Australia, far from being the waste it had hitherto been considered, contained myriads of fertile acres fit for the habitation of man, and, doubtless, destined to be the abode of millions of civilized human beings.

### II.—THE RETURN JOURNEY.

The hearts of Burke and Wills bounded with exultation as they turned from the

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Gulf of Carpentaria to rejoin King and Gray. They had accomplished the object of their expedition, and that was an ample reward for all the fatigues they had undergone. It now remained to set out on their return homeward. They little imagined what terrible sufferings that return had in store for them. They commenced their journey about the middle of February. During the first weeks heavy rains fell, and made travelling slow and difficult, the camels at times sinking to their knees in the soft soil. Their provisions became greatly reduced, and each one's daily rations consisted of a quarter of a pound of flour, a little dried camel's flesh, and as much portulac\* as he could gather. Wills tells us in the Diary that on February 21st he shot a pheasant, but was much disappointed at finding him all feathers and claws. They met the camel they had abandoned on the route to Carpentaria, but he had become so thin and weak that they were obliged after some days to leave him behind.

In crossing a creek by moonlight, Gray rode over a large snake. "He did not touch him," says Wills, "and we thought it was a log until he struck it with the stirrup-iron; we then saw it was an immense snake larger than any that I have ever before seen in a wild state. It measured eight feet four inches in length, and seven inches in girth round the belly; it was nearly the same thickness from the head to within twenty inches of the tail; it then tapered rapidly. . . . I could detect no

\*A species of succulent herb or shrub.

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poisonous fangs, but there were two distinct rows of teeth in each jaw, and two small claws or nails, about three-eighths of an inch long, one on each side of the vent." Burke ate part of the snake, and was shortly after attacked by dysentery; he recovered, however, after a few days. Gray was the first to get seriously unwell, although his companions for a time thought his illness more pretended than real. Wills found him one morning consuming some of the provisions behind a tree. On the matter being reported to Burke, he called Gray, and gave him, as King afterwards stated, "six or seven slaps on the ear." But when it was seen that Gray was really sick, all were as kind to him as they could be, and he was allowed to travel strapped on one of the camels.

In various places they came upon their old track, and followed it as far as circumstances would permit. On March 20th, they abandoned part of their baggage, and endeavoured to eke out their provisions by killing three of their camels. The horse "Billy" was killed on the 10th of April, for he was so reduced for want of food that there appeared little likelihood of his being able to cross the Stony Desert, which they were now approaching.

"As we were running short," says the Diary, "of food of every description ourselves, we thought it best to secure his flesh at once. We found it healthy and tender, but without the slightest trace of fat in any portion of the body."

They reached the Stony Desert on April 13th, and travelled through it for two whole

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days without meeting water. This proved too much for poor Gray, who had been suffering very severely for some time back. On the morning of the 16th, as they were about to start, the first of the attacks that immediately preceded his death came on. He managed to travel seven miles on the back of a camel in such a state that he could not utter a word distinctly. He then became unable to proceed further. Halting, and camping near a swamp, his companions did what they could to relieve his sufferings. On the evening of that day he became speechless. The others, before lying down to sleep, covered him carefully to protect him from the night air, and next morning found him dead. They dug him a grave in the desert, and remained by the spot for the day. That delay, as the sequel will show, cost the lives of Burke and Wills.

Four days after Gray's death they reached Cooper's Creek. The nearer they approached the depot, the more intense became their expectation and the more earnest their efforts to reach the friends they had left there some months before. On April 21st, enfeebled as they were by hunger and fatigue, they travelled thirty miles, Burke riding one of the two camels that remained, and Wills and King the other. Burke, who was a little in advance, cried out several times: "I see the tents ahead!" and called aloud the names of some of the men; but on reaching the depot they found it deserted. They shouted, but no welcoming cry answered them; they searched to see if the party had shifted to another part of the creek,

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but were at length forced to admit the terrible conviction that they were abandoned, and left to die of starvation in the wilderness. It is impossible to realise their feelings when the truth in its stern reality was brought home to their minds. Exhausted by famine and the severest bodily exertion, they lay for some time utterly prostrated under the effect of the disappointment. At length, rousing themselves, they looked through the depot and found a tree, marked, "Dig three feet westward." They hastily did so, and came upon a chest which contained a supply of provisions and a paper enclosed within a bottle. The letter, which was read aloud by Burke, stated that Brahe's party had left for the Darling on the morning of April 21st, the very day they had themselves arrived at the depot. This gave additional bitterness to their disappointment. If they had arrived but seven hours sooner they would have been saved. Now what were they to do? Their camels, after the extraordinary efforts made that day, could not travel another mile, and "it was as much as one of themselves could do." King afterwards said, "to crawl to the side of the creek for a draught of water." They could not entertain even a faint hope of overtaking Brahe's party, the men and cattle of which were described in the writing left behind as being, on the whole, well and strong. The description was really inaccurate; the horses and camels were not "in good working condition," as the paper stated, and not one of the men was "quite well." So true was this that

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the retiring party made a very short stage that day, and had encamped for the night within fourteen miles of the depot. All this, however, was hidden from the explorers; and after recruiting their strength with the good supply of provisions left in the chest, they set out for the nearest settled district, which was about 150 miles distant. It was an out-settlement of the colony of South Australia, situated near Mount Hopeless. Before departing from the depot, Burke wrote and placed in the chest the following statement:

"The return party from Carpentaria, consisting of myself, Wills and King (Gray dead), arrived here last night, and found that the depot party had only started on the same day. We proceed on to-morrow slowly down the creek towards Adelaide by Mount Hopeless, and shall endeavour to follow Gregory's\* track; but we are very weak. The two camels are done up, and we shall not be able to travel faster than four or five miles a day. Gray died on the road from exhaustion and fatigue. We have all suffered much from hunger. The provisions left here will, I think, restore our strength. We have discovered a practical route to Carpentaria, the chief portion of which lies on the 140deg. E. long. There is some good country between this and the Stony Desert; from there to the tropics the country is dry and stony; between the tropics and Carpentaria a considerable portion is rangy (i.e., hilly), but is well watered and richly grassed. We reached the shores of Carpentaria on the 11th of February, 1861. Greatly disappointed at finding the party here gone.

(Signed),

"ROBERT O'HARA BURKE,

"April 22, 1861.

Leader.

"P.S.—The camels cannot travel, and we cannot

\*A former explorer.

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walk, or we should follow the other party. We shall move very slowly down the creek."

When depositing this paper, he committed the fatal mistake of not altering the inscription on the tree, and left behind no outward sign that the place had been disturbed. Before proceeding to relate what afterwards befel them, it will be well to say a few words on the reason why Brahe abandoned the depot.

Being commanded by Burke to await Wright's arrival, Brahe first employed his men in erecting a stockade and providing for the accommodation of his horses and camels. Then the blacks became quarrelsome, and the party were obliged to keep within the depot. Scurvy broke out, and Patten in particular was reduced to a deplorable state. Every day found them anxiously expecting Wright. Four months passed, and still he did not appear. Patten earnestly entreated them to return to the Darling that he might obtain medical assistance. His entreaties, united with fears for their own safety, for their provisions were rapidly lessening, brought them to the determination of leaving the depot on the 21st of April. There seemed to them, they afterwards alleged, to be every probability that Burke's party was lost.

Burke, Wills, and King, on the second day after their arrival at the depot, moved slowly down the creek towards the west. The diary for that day says: "We find the change of diet already making a great improvement in our spirits and strength. The weather is delightful, the days agreeably warm, but the

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nights very chilly ; the latter is more noticeable from our deficiency in clothing, the depot party having taken all the reserve things back with them to the Darling."

Next day they were fortunate enough to obtain 12 lbs. of fish from the blacks in exchange for a few straps and matches. Fresh and comparatively abundant food, and the rest afforded by their slow travelling were gradually re-establishing their strength, and Wills declared that in less than a week they would be fit to undergo any fatigue.

The first misfortune was the loss of one of their camels. Starting at 5 a.m., on April 28th, they had travelled but a mile, when the camel Linda "got bogged by the side of a water-hole;" they tried in vain every means in their power to get him out. "All the ground beneath the surface was a bottomless quick-sand, through which the beast sank too rapidly for us to get bushes or timber fairly beneath him, and being of a very sluggish, stupid nature, he could never be got to make sufficiently strenuous efforts towards extricating himself. In the evening, as a last chance, we let the water in from the creek, so as to buoy him up and at the same time soften the ground about his legs, but it was of no avail; the brute lay quietly in it as if he quite enjoyed his position" (Diary). They shot him next day and secured as much of his flesh as they could get at; they then loaded their remaining camel with the most necessary and useful articles, and carrying each a small amount of bedding and clothing, they con-

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tinued their way down the creek. On the 2nd of May, they met a number of blacks, who furnished them with a liberal supply of fish and coarse cake; the explorers gave in exchange some fish-hooks and sugar. They followed what they considered the main branch of the creek, but it deceived them; for, travelling along its banks for some time, they found that it split into small channels, which lost themselves in sandy soil. This obliged them to retrace their steps to the last sheet of water they had left behind. To increase the gloom of their prospects, the camel, trembling and exhausted, began to give in. They lightened his load, and explored the creek in another direction, but found that, as in the other case, its waters disappeared in sand, while away to the south stretched dreary plains where no creek or stream was to be found. The camel became so weak that at length he could not rise to his feet, and he was finally shot. Various attempts were made to find a route provided with water, but they proved unsuccessful.

On one occasion Wills, in passing by a black's encampment, was invited by them to stay; he did so, and was very hospitably entertained, being offered a share of a gunyah or hut, and supplied with plenty of fish and cake, as well as a couple of nice fat rats. The latter, which were baked in their skins, he found, he says, most delicious. During the night the friendly blacks kept the large fire, beside which he slept, burning brightly that he might not suffer from the cold.

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The explorers were, by this time, in deplorable circumstances; they were exhausted in body, and worn and haggard in appearance; their clothes were in rags, and their provisions so reduced that, to eke them out, they resolved to discover the nardoo seed with which the blacks make their rough bread.

The Diary for May the 11th, says: "To-day Mr. Burke and King started down the creek for the blacks' camp, determined to ascertain all particulars about the nardoo seed. I must devise some means for trapping birds and rats, which is a pleasant prospect after our dashing trip to Carpentaria, having to hang about Cooper's Creek, living like the blacks."

Burke and King were not successful in finding the blacks; but some days afterwards when the whole party were engaged in making a final effort to reach Mount Hopeless, the nardoo seed was discovered by King, growing in little tufts close to the ground. The seed, however, did not prove of such value as they expected; for to pick it was a slow and difficult task, and it was no less so to prepare and pound it. Moreover, the nutriment which it afforded was too scanty to be of much advantage to them in their then exhausted condition. The attempt to reach Mount Hopeless failed, and they turned back just as that mountain was about to appear above the horizon; for from that point only fifty miles remained to be traversed in order to reach it. They returned to Cooper's Creek, and Wills was

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sent back to the depot to deposit there a notice of their sad condition.

In the meantime, Wright, moving at last from Menindie, met Brahe's party on their return. To give Burke a last chance before they set out for the settled districts, he and Brahe, leaving their parties behind, made a rapid journey to the depot on Cooper's Creek; they arrived there on May the 8th, sixteen days after the explorers left it for Mount Hopeless. It seemed to Brahe to be in the same state as when he last saw it; and to put a climax to the misfortunes of this singularly fatal expedition, they quitted the depot without digging to the chest and finding the paper which Burke had substituted for that left by Brahe.

On his way to the depot Wills met a number of blacks who were very kind to him; they evidently pitied his famine-stricken appearance. One carried the shovel he had brought with him, and another insisted on taking his bundle; they conducted him to their camp and supplied him with abundance of nardoo and fish. After leaving the blacks, he travelled on slowly and painfully. At a stony part of the creek he found a number of crows quarrelling about something near the water; it was a large fish of which they had eaten a considerable portion. "Finding it quite fresh and good," he says, "I decided the quarrel by taking it with me; it proved a valuable addition to my otherwise scanty supper of nardoo porridge." He reached the depot on May 30th. There was no sign that anyone

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had been there since the visit of the explorers themselves. He deposited in the chest some journals and a letter, which was to this effect:

“Depot Camp, May 30.

“We have been unable to leave the creek. Both camels are dead, and our provisions are gone. Mr. Burke and King are down the lower part of the creek I am about to return to them, when we shall probably come up this way. We are trying to live the best way we can, like the blacks, but find it hard work. Our clothes are going to pieces fast. Send provisions and clothes as soon as possible.

“W. J. WILLS.

“The depot party, having left contrary to instructions, has put us in this fix. I have deposited some of my journals here for fear of accidents.

(Signed),                  “W.J.W.”

He set out to rejoin his companions next day; his frame, enfeebled by sickness and hunger, now began to sink through sheer exhaustion; it was as much as he could do to drag himself across the various little gullies of the creek. He slept at night under the bushes.

On June the 2nd, he directed his footsteps to the blacks' encampment; he hoped to obtain from them a good breakfast. He was disappointed, for the place was deserted. “Having rested awhile,” he tells us, “and eaten a few fish-bones, I moved down the creek, hoping by a late march to be able to reach our own camp, but I soon found from my extreme weakness that that would be out of the question; a certain amount of good luck still stuck to me, for on going along by a large water-hole, I was so fortunate as to find a large

fish, about a pound and a half in weight, which was just being choked by another which he had tried to swallow, but which had stuck in its throat. I soon had a fire lit, and both of the fish cooked and eaten; the large one was in good condition."

Next day he met the blacks, who called out to him as soon as they saw him. "Having with considerable difficulty managed to ascend the sandy path that led to the camp, I was conducted by the chief to a fire, where a large pile of fish was just being cooked in the most approved style. These I imagined to be for the general consumption of the half-a-dozen natives gathered around, but it turned out that they had already had their breakfast. I was expected to dispose of this lot—a task which, to my own astonishment, I soon accomplished, keeping two or three blacks pretty steadily at work extracting bones for me. The fish being disposed of, next came a supply of nardoo cake and water, until I was so full as to be unable to eat any more; when Pitchery (the chief) allowing me a short time to recover myself, fetched a large bowl of the raw nardoo flour, mixed to a thin paste, a most insinuating article, and one that they appear to esteem a great delicacy. I was then invited to stop the night there, but this I declined, and proceeded on my way home."

However, he afterwards returned and remained with them four days; when he left them, it was with the intention of bringing his two companions, that all three might live with them in future. Burke and King agreed to

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this, as it was the only chance that remained of prolonging their lives. With extreme toil they dragged themselves along towards the blacks' camp; on reaching it they met with a cruel disappointment; the place was empty—the friendly blacks had moved elsewhere. Unable to follow them, the explorers took possession of the best hut, and determined to try and live on nardoo. Day by day they grew weaker; death was evidently stealing on them. Wills says in the Diary (June 20th): "I am completely reduced by the effects of the cold and starvation; King gone out for nardoo; Mr. Burke at home pounding seed; he finds himself getting very weak in the legs. King holds out by far the best; the food seems to agree with him pretty well." Further on he says:—"I cannot understand this nardoo at all; it certainly will not agree with me in any form." And again:—"Unless relief come in some form or other, I cannot possibly last more than a fortnight. It is a great consolation, at least, in this position of ours, to know that we have done all we could, and that our deaths will rather be the result of the mismanagement of others than of any rash acts of our own."

At last, they were forced to admit, that unless they found the blacks, they should die of hunger and exhaustion. Wills was too weak to join in the search, and his companions were unwilling to leave him alone. He, however, urged them to go, saying that it was their only chance. At length, they resolved to do so, and left him a supply of water and

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nardoo to last for eight days. They showed great hesitation and reluctance at the idea of leaving him, and repeatedly desired his candid opinion on the matter. He reiterated his assurance that it was his wish, since to find the blacks was now the sole chance that remained of saving the whole party. He made them bury his Diary outside the hut, and gave Burke a letter and a watch for his father. The last words he wrote in the Diary are as follows:—

“Friday, June 28.

“Clear, cold night; slight breeze from the E.; day beautifully warm and pleasant. Mr. Burke suffers greatly from the cold, and is getting extremely weak; he and King start to-morrow up the creek to look for the blacks; it is the only chance we have of being saved from starvation. I am weaker than ever, although I have a good appetite and relish the nardoo much; but it seems to give us no nutriment, and the birds are so shy as not to be got at. Even if we got a good supply of fish, I doubt whether we could do much work on them and the nardoo alone. Nothing now but the greatest good luck can save any of us; as for myself, I may live for four or five days if the weather continues warm. My pulse is at forty-eight, and very weak, and my legs and arms are nearly skin and bone; I can only look out, like Mr. Micawber, ‘for something to turn up.’ Starvation on nardoo is by no means very unpleasant, but for the weakness one feels, and the utter inability to move oneself; for, as far as appetite is concerned, it gives me the greatest satisfaction. Certainly, fat and sugar would be more to one’s taste; in fact, those seem to me to be the great stand-by for one in this extraordinary continent; not that I mean to depreciate the farinaceous food, but the want of sugar and fat in all substances obtainable here is so great that they become almost valueless to us as articles of food without the addition of something else.

(Signed) “W. J. WILLS.”

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His companions sadly bade him farewell; they probably felt a presentiment that they would never again look on him in life. Father Woods thus describes his last moments: "One can imagine his calm tranquillity while daylight faded into evening, like the ebbing away of his own life. His night was passed without any sounds, except his own weak breathing; he may have watched the changing clouds, the fitful breezes, or the stars, as his journal tells us he had done before; their faint light brought some comfort to his glazed eyes, and one can fancy how his whispering sighs would echo through the hut as the weary hours passed on. A few days more—three at the most—and even that sound was gone: poor Wills had passed away." ("Exploration and Discovery of Australia," vol. ii., chap. 2.) When King returned four days afterwards, he found Wills dead within the hut, and buried him in the sand.

The first day after quitting Wills, Burke travelled on in a very weak condition, suffering great pain in his back and legs. The following morning when he had journeyed two miles, he said that he could go no further. However, encouraged by King, he made several super-human efforts, and walked, as King afterwards expressed it, "till he dropped." He then threw away all he carried, and dragging himself to some bushes, lay down under them for the night. King shot a crow, and off it and some nardoo they made their supper. It was the last meal together.

Burke, feeling that he had not many hours to live, gave his watch and pocket-book to

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King, and requested him to remain by his side till all was over. He wished, he said, to have his pistol (the parting gift of some Australian friends) placed in his right hand, and to be left unburied as he lay. He sank rapidly, and during that cold, lonely night he must have suffered much; he spoke but little. Once he said to his companion that it was a comfort to him to have a human being by his side. We may well believe it when we think of the inhospitable desert in which he was dying.

Thus he passed the long silent hours of his last night on earth; early morning found him speechless, or nearly so; all toil and care were soon at an end. About eight o'clock his breath became more laboured, and then grew fainter; the death-dew gathered on his brow; his haggard features became, if possible, still more shrunken; and peacefully and gently his chastened spirit passed into eternity.

When, some time afterwards, the friendly blacks gazed upon the dead body of the white men's chief, they wept bitterly and covered it with branches which they pulled from the trees and bushes near at hand.

King was now left alone in the dreary wilderness; he sought long and earnestly for traces of the blacks, subsisting the while on hawks, crows, and nardoo. He at length found the savages. They were very kind to him; and as he gained still further their goodwill by shooting birds and curing a sick woman, they permitted him to become a member of the tribe. He continued to live thus

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until he was rescued by a party which was sent out in search of Burke.

When the news reached Melbourne that the explorers were in all probability lost, various expeditions were promptly organised to ascertain their fate, and if possible to afford them succour. Some of those expeditions proceeded by sea to the Gulf of Carpentaria, and discovered Burke's track on the banks of the river Flinders. A land expedition, under the command of Mr. Howitt, found King, and liberally rewarded the savages who had been so kind to him.

We conclude with the tribute of admiration paid to the memory of its leader by Sir Henry Barkly, who was then Governor of Victoria. In a letter addressed to Major Burke, the explorer's brother, he speaks thus: "This colony, indeed, may well be proud, not merely that such an achievement has been performed, but of the heroism and self-devotion exhibited in its performance; and I am sure that, when the simple narrative of the explorers comes to be read in the mother country, it will be felt that Ireland never sent out a truer or a braver son than Robert O'Hara Burke."

## PART III.—THE SURVIVOR OF BURKE'S PARTY RESCUED.

When death from famine and exhaustion had put an end to the sufferings of Robert O'Hara Burke, King, his companion, was left alone on the wild banks of Cooper's Creek. Some prepared nardoo, which he found in a deserted

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hut, afforded him support for a considerable time. He returned, after an absence of four or five days, to the spot where he and Burke had left Wills. He found him dead. Some of the clothes had been taken from the body, and he knew from that circumstance that the savages had been there before him. He buried the remains in the sand, and then commenced an anxious search after the blacks. They were now his sole chance. If he found them not, he felt that he had nothing to expect but to die a death similar to that of his two companions. How he succeeded and afterwards fare! we shall tell in the words of the narrative given by him after his restoration to civilized life:—

“Finding that my stock of nardoo was running short, and being unable to gather it, I tracked the natives who had been to the camp by their footprints in the sand, and went some distance down the creek, shooting crows and hawks on the road. The natives, hearing the report of the gun, came to meet me, and took me with them to their camp, giving me nardoo and fish. They took the birds I had shot, and cooked them for me, and afterwards showed me a gunyah (hut), where I was to sleep with three of the single men. The following morning they commenced talking to me, and putting one finger on the ground, and covering it with sand, at the same time pointing up the creek, saying, ‘White fellow,’ which I understood to mean that one white man was dead. From this I knew that they were the tribe who had taken Mr. Wills’ clothes. They then asked me where the third white man was, and I also

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made the sign of putting two fingers in the ground and covering them with sand, at the same time pointing up the creek. They appeared to feel great compassion for me when they understood that I was alone on the creek, and gave me plenty to eat. After being four days with them, I saw that they were becoming tired of me, and they made signs that they were going up the creek and that I had better go downwards; but I pretended not to understand them. The same day they shifted camp and I followed them; and on reaching their camp I shot some crows, which pleased them so much that they made me a breakwind (protection against the wind) in the centre of their camp, and came and sat around me until such time as the crows were cooked, when they assisted me to eat them. The same day, one of the women, to whom I had given part of a crow, came and gave me a ball of nardoo, saying that she would give me more, only she had such a sore arm that she was unable to pound. She showed me a sore on her arm, and the thought struck me that I would boil some water and wash her arm with a sponge. During the operation the whole tribe sat round and were muttering one to another. Her husband sat down by her side, and she was crying all the time. After I had washed it, I touched it with some nitrate of silver, when she began to yell, and ran off crying, 'Mokow! mokow!' (fire! fire!). From this time she and her husband used to give me a small quantity of nardoo both night and morning; and, whenever the tribe were about going on a fishing

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excursion, he used to give me notice to go with them. They used also to assist me in making a wurley or breakwind whenever they shifted camp. I generally shot a crow or a hawk, and gave it to them in return for these little services. Every four or five days the tribe would surround me, and ask whether I was going up or down the creek; at last I made them understand that if they went up the creek, I should go up the creek, and if they went down, I should also go down; and, from this time, they seemed to look upon me as one of themselves, and supplied me with fish and nardoo regularly.

"They were very anxious, however, to know where Mr. Burke lay; and one day, when we were fishing in the water-holes close by, I took them to the spot. On seeing his remains the whole party wept bitterly, and covered them with bushes. After this they were much kinder to me than before; and I always told them that the white men would be here before two moons; and in the evenings, when they came with nardoo and fish, they used to talk about the 'white fellows' coming, at the same time pointing to the moon. I also told them they would receive many presents, and they constantly asked me for tomahawks, called by them 'bomayko.' From this time to when the relief party arrived—a period of about a month—they treated me with uniform kindness, and looked upon me as one of themselves. The day on which I was released, one of the tribe who had been fishing came and told me that the white fellows were coming,

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and the whole of the tribe who were then in the camp sallied out in every direction to meet the party, while the man who had brought me the news took me across the creek, where I shortly saw the party coming down."

We shall now go back a few months and relate what happened in Melbourne when the news arrived at the supposed loss of Burke and his three companions. The intelligence filled every breast with disappointment, and with anxiety for the fate of the leader and those under his immediate command. Of the relief expeditions, which were speedily organised in Victoria and some of the other colonies, the only one which produced satisfactory results was that which proceeded overland from Melbourne, under the command of A. W. Howitt. It succeeded in recovering King from the blacks and in finding the dead bodies of Burke and Wills. William Brahe, who had been appointed by Burke to the command of the depot on Cooper's Creek, accompanied this expedition. Mr. Howitt's Diary will supply us with the interesting particulars of his search for Burke's party.

"Advancing through the country north of Menindie (Lat. 28 deg., Long. 142 deg. 2')," he says in the Diary for September 6th: "Followed down a gully leading into very stony plains, which we crossed for several hours, being obliged to lead the horses very slowly. No timber, and scarcely any vegetation; the most desolate stony wilderness imaginable. About ten o'clock came near sandhills, and the country improved as regarded travelling, but

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not for feed or water. On a dry water-course came on a party of natives, of whom some ran away; the others, consisting of an old grey-haired man, an old hag of a woman, a younger man, and two or three lubras (married women) and children, waited till I rode up. They were in a very excited state, waving branches, and jabbering incessantly. The younger man shook all over with fright. Sandy (a black boy who could speak some English) could not understand them, and I could only catch 'Gow' (go on). At last, by the offer of a knife, I prevailed on the old man to come with us to show us the nearest water; but after half a mile his courage gave way, and he climbed up a box-tree to be out of reach. Mr. Brahe rode up to him, when he climbed into the top branches, jabbering without stopping for a moment. Finding that he would not come down, and kept pointing to the N.W. (our course), we left him. All the natives were naked, and the old man was the only one that had any covering for his head—a net. We here entered undulating sandy country, containing some brushwood and well grassed, and at the same time came on Brahe's down track. Our horses at once struck into a better pace, going at least three miles and a half an hour. The camels also pushed on well. The loose horses kept wide of the track, looking for water in the polygonum ground; and at ten minutes past twelve, one old stager found an ample supply in a channel on the right hand. The horses at once made a rush, and it was almost impossible to prevent them drinking as much

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as they wished. Three had for the last hour shown unmistakable signs of giving in, and all were very much pinched with thirst. Camped by the water, in first-rate feed. Rain came on steadily from N.E. shortly after, and has continued. The horses have just been a third time to water.

"September 9.—Lat. 27 deg. 49', Long. 141 deg. 38'. While loading up this morning, five black fellows made their appearance on the opposite side of the creek, and, as usual, commenced shouting and waving their arms. We shouted in return, and one waded across, but waited on the bank until I broke a branch, and beckoned him to come up. The others then followed him. They were all fine, well-built young men, with open, intelligent faces, and very different from the natives usually met with. They wore nets wrapped round their waists; and one, apparently the head man, had his front teeth knocked out. Sandy said he could only understand 'narrangy word' they said; but I believe he could not understand them at all, as he was quite unable to make them comprehend that I wished to know if they had seen any stray camels about the creek. Before we had finished loading they had returned to the opposite bank, and sat down watching us. On our starting, they waded across to our camp—probably to pick up anything left behind, which would be very little."

The next day, shortly after starting, Mr. Howitt saw several natives on a sand-hill

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making signs. He went to them, and after a great deal of trouble, persuaded one to go with him. "He was a fine-looking fellow," says the Diary, "painted white, skeleton fashion, and carried a very long boomerang stuck in his girdle behind. I could make nothing of him, excepting that he gave me a small ball of what seemed to be chewed grass, as a token of friendship, and in return I gave him a piece of cold doughboy I had with me for lunch, which he seemed to relish very much. We travelled till noon over a succession of earthy plains, broken by numerous ~~bcx~~-channels, one of which contained a large reach of water; but the feed everywhere was miserably dry and scarce. The country looked wretched. After passing this channel, seven natives made their appearance, one of whom Mr. Brahe recognised as one of the party who tried to surprise the depot last season. They presented him with a small quantity of some dried plant, from a bundle which one of them carried; it had a strong, pungent taste and smell, and I am at a loss to conjecture its use, unless as a kind of tobacco. Our black boy was frightened, and told me he thought they meant to 'look out, kill him'—as I understood—by witchcraft, or enchantment, or poison. They followed us at a distance to our camp, where they sat down a little way off, making signs that they were hungry, and wanted tomahawks. After an hour's waiting they decamped. Killed two deaf adders and a snake of a sulphur colour on the track. Halted near a small pool of water, where there was a little

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green feed, which has become a rarity. The country looks miserable ahead."

Next day, the depot on Cooper's Creek was reached. Brahe declared that it was precisely in the same state as when he left it. On September 14th, the party encamped near a large waterhole, about a quarter of a mile below Burke's first camp after leaving the depot. "We could see," says Mr. Howitt, "where the camels had been tied up, but found no marked tree. To-day I noticed in two or three places old camel droppings and tracks, where Mr. Brahe informed me he was certain that their camels had never been, as they were watched every day near the depot and tied up at night. Mr. Burke's camels were led on the way down. It looked very much as if stray camels had been about during the last four months. The tracks seemed to be going up the creek, but the ground was too stony to be able to make sure.

"September 15. Camp 32. Lat. 27 deg. 44', Long. 140 deg. 40'. On leaving this morning, I went ahead with Sandy to try and pick up Mr. Burke's track. At the lower end of a large water-hole I found where one or two horses had been feeding for some months; the tracks ran in all directions to and from the water, and were as recent as a week. At the same place I found the handle of a clasp-knife. From here struck out south for a short distance from the creek, and found a distinct camel's track and droppings on a native path; the footprint was about four months old and going E. I then set the black boy to follow the creek, and

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struck across some sandy country in a bend on the north side. No tracks here; and coming on a native path leading my way, I followed it as the most likely place to see any signs. In about four miles this led me to a very large reach of water, and on the opposite side were numbers of native wurleys. I crossed a neck of sand, and at a little distance again came on the track of a camel going up the creek; at the same time I found a native who began to gesticulate in a very excited manner, and to point down the creek, bawling out, 'Gow, gow!' as loud as he could; when I went towards him, he ran away, and finding it impossible to get him to come to me, I turned back to follow the camel track and to look after my party, as I had not seen anything of them for some miles. The track was visible in sandy places, and was evidently the same as I had seen for the last two days. I also found horse tracks in places, but very old. Crossing the creek, I cut our track, and rode after the party. In doing so, I came upon three pounds of tobacco, which had lain where I saw it for some time. This, together with the knife-handle, the fresh horse-tracks, and the camel track going eastward, puzzled me extremely, and led me into a hundred conjectures. At the lower end of the large reach of water before mentioned, I met Sandy and Frank looking for me, with the intelligence that King, the only survivor of Mr. Burke's party, had been found. A little further on I found the party halted, and immediately went across to the blacks' wurleys, where I found King sitting in a hut which the

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natives had made for him. He presented a melancholy appearance—wasted to a shadow, and hardly to be recognised as a civilised being but by the remnants of clothes upon him. He seemed exceedingly weak; and I found it occasionally difficult to follow what he said. The natives were all gathered round, seated on the ground, looking with a most gratified and delighted expression."

When King had acquired some strength, he accompanied Mr. Howitt and three others to the spot where Wills' body lay. It was found as King had left it, lightly covered with sand. Mr. Howitt now suitably interred it, and the place where the remains were laid was indicated by an inscription which he cut on a tree close by.

The state in which Burke's remains were when found, and their subsequent burial, are thus described in the Diary: "The bones were entire, with the exception of the hands and feet; and the body had been removed from the spot where it first lay, and where the natives had placed branches over it, to about five paces' distance. I found the revolver which Mr. Burke held in his hand when he expired, partly covered with leaves and earth, and corroded with rust. It was loaded and capped. We dug a grave close to the spot, and interred the remains, wrapped in the Union Jack—the most fitting covering in which the bones of a brave, but unfortunate, man could take their last rest. On a box-tree, at the head of the grave, the annexed inscription is cut:—

" 'R. O'H. B.  
21, 9, '61  
A. H.' "

Before proceeding homewards, Mr. Howitt determined to reward the blacks who had been so kind to King. A great commotion was excited in the camp of the latter when the white men rode up. "I unpacked my blanket," says Mr. Howitt, "and took out specimens of the things I intended giving them—a tomahawk, a knife, beads, a looking-glass, comb, and flour and sugar. The tomahawk was the great object of attraction, after that the knife, but I think that the looking-glass surprised them most. On seeing their faces, some seemed dazzled, others opened their eyes like saucers, and made a rattling noise with their tongues expressive of surprise. We had quite a friendly palaver, and my watch amused them immensely. When I gave them some of the sugar to taste, it was absurd to see the sleight of hand with which they pretended to eat it; I suppose from a fear of being poisoned, which, I suppose, is general, as our black boys are continually in dread lest the 'wild black fellow' should poison them by some means. I made them understand that they were to bring the whole tribe up next morning to our camp to receive their presents, and we parted the best of friends. The names of the principal men are Tchukulow, Mungallee (three in number),

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Toquunter, Pitchery (three in number, one, a funny little man, with his head in a net, and a kite's feather in it; another, a tall man, with his beard tied in a point), Pruriekow, and Borokow.

"September 24.—This morning about ten o'clock, our black friends appeared in a long procession, men, women, and children, or as they here also call them, piccaninnies; and at a mile distance, they commenced bawling at the top of their voices, as usual. When collected together on a little flat, just below our camp, they must have numbered between thirty and forty, and the uproar was deafening. With the aid of King, I at last got them all seated before me, and distributed the presents—tomahawks, knives, necklaces, looking glasses, combs—among them. I think no people were ever so happy before; and it was very interesting to see how they pointed out one or another who they thought might be overlooked. The piccaninnies were brought forward by their parents to have red ribbon tied about their dirty little heads. One old woman, Carrawaw, who had been particularly kind to King, was loaded with things. I then divided 50 lbs. of sugar between them, each one taking his share in a Union Jack pocket handkerchief, which they were very proud of. The sugar soon found its way into their mouths; the flour, 50 lbs. of which I gave them, they at once called 'white-fellow nardoo'; and they explained that they understood that these things were given them for having fed King. Some old clothes were then put on

some of the men and women, and the affair ended in several of our party and several of the black fellows having an impromptu 'corroboree' (dance), to the intense delight of the natives, and, I must say, very much to our own amusement. They left, making signs expressive of friendship, carrying their presents with them. The men all wore a net girdle; and of the women, some wore one of leaves, others of feathers. I feel confident that we have left the best impression behind us, and that the 'white fellows', as they have already learned to call us, will be looked on henceforth as friends, and that, in case of emergency, anyone will receive the kindest treatment at their hands."

Mr. Howitt and his party now turned their steps homeward. The sad intelligence they brought produced a profound impression in Melbourne and throughout the whole colony of Victoria.

King met with a hearty welcome, and many were the congratulations which he received on his escape from the perils of the late Expedition. The Victorian Government took care to make for him such a provision as enabled him to pass the remainder of his days in comfort.

Mr. Howitt was commissioned to return and bring the remains of Burke and Wills to Melbourne; and when he did so, they were honoured with a public funeral. A large granite monument has been erected over the grave of those brave, but ill-fated men, who have become associates in renown, as they

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were companions in danger and in death. The upper block of the monument has been left in a rough, unfinished state, as typical of the Expedition.

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### THE VICTORY OF DEATH.

#### SONNET.

Who conquers Death?—lo, by a mist-white shore

The Storm Wraiths hurl the ship with rending crash,

On rocks where breakers rage and leap and flash,

And cliffs loom darkling near the surges hoar.

Shuddering the vessel sinks; the billows roar,  
Tormented by the Giant Tempest's lash;

And men fight with the storm amid the clash  
Of angry seas:—they sink and fight no more.

All dread to lose in shipwreck life's dear breath:

Yet, if stern duty call the true of heart  
To die for some soul-animating cause,  
For home, for fellow-men, or God's great laws,  
Though Terror menace with uplifted dart,  
They bide the stroke; and, dying, conquer  
Death.

M.J.W.

## THE WEDDING RING.

And as this round  
Is nowhere found  
To flaw, or else to sever,  
So let our love  
As endless prove,  
As pure as gold for ever!

"On a Wedding Ring"—Herrick.

"The subject of Rings is a deep one. What idea of it can you give in a short essay? Better let it alone." Had I sought the advice of some antiquaries, so, doubtless, they would have spoken. But why, in the name of common sense, should an interesting topic be barred to one who does not wish to treat it exhaustively? General readers nowadays have not the leisure, even if they have the inclination, to plod through a long treatise. They will be grateful, however, if the curtain that hides an important subject is lifted and they are allowed a brief view. A man, who cannot be forced or persuaded to eat a whole plum-pudding, may accept with pleasure a moderate slice. Ring-lore is indeed crowded with facts enshrined in storied chronicle and legend, and may be said to be

A proud river peering o'er his bounds;

but there is nought to hinder us from dipping a cup in the stream and regaling ourselves with a draught.

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I confess that I have never worn rings of any kind, whether inserted in the lobe of the ear or encircling the finger; and I know not if the ear-pendant improves the eye-sight, or the finger hoop of precious metal inspires that exultation of spirit which the South Sea islander obtains from his nasal ornament of shell or coral. Still, I would not have it thought that I condemn the practice, or look with contempt on those whose persons are bedecked with gold and gems.

A lover of rings, indeed, has much to say in their favour. He can tell you, for instance, of their universal use in antiquity. Abraham's servant gave ear-rings and other ornaments to the beautiful Rebecca. When Pharaoh of Egypt set Joseph over his kingdom, he took off his signet ring, and placed it on the young Israelite's hand as a token and a proof of his delegated authority. Large numbers of rings have been found in Egyptian tombs, and the case is mentioned of a mummy (a woman) in the British Museum, whose left hand had no less than nine. As the ring has neither beginning nor end, it was regarded by the Egyptians as a type of eternity.

Antique Roman rings are by no means rare. It is said that when Hannibal defeated the Romans in the battle of Cannae, three bushels of rings were collected from the bodies of the slain. Hannibal's own ring was one of the most memorable in history. Juvenal (Sat. X., 165) refers to it:—

Ille  
Cannarum vindex ac tanti sanguinis ulti  
Annulus.

In this ring Hannibal carried the poison with which he committed suicide. Celtic rings have been discovered in Ireland, Scotland, Gaul, and Germany. They were usually of pure gold wire, twisted or plaited in three, four, five or six strands; sometimes there were as many as eight strands.

An Anglo-Saxon ring which is preserved in the British Museum belonged to the father of Alfred the Great, Ethelwulf, who was King of Wessex in 836. His name is engraved upon it, and antiquaries declare that there is no reasonable doubt that the ring was his.

Many Bishops' rings are extant, of curious make. Some of them were worn on the thumb, or outside the glove—a circumstance which accounts for their great size. Others besides Bishops wore thumb-rings. Thus Chaucer describes, in "The Squiere's Tale," a Knight who wore one:—

There cam a knight upon a steed of bras,  
And in his hand a brod mirrour of glas;  
Upon his thombe he had of gold a ring.

The stones commonly used in episcopal rings were the ruby, emblematic of the Church's glory—the emerald, signifying peace or tranquillity; the sapphire, expressive of hope; and the crystal, denoting simplicity and purity.

At Fotheringay a ring was found which must have been in the possession of Mary, Queen of Scots, when she was a prisoner in that castle. It is made of gold, and on it are the letters M.H., united by a true lover's knot.

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The inner surface bears the words, "Henri L. Darnley, 1565," with a crowned shield, on which is a lion rampant. The date, 1565, is the year in which Mary and Darnley were married. The ring is preserved in the Waterton Collection at the South Kensington Museum.

The most universally-known ring is "The Ring of the Fisherman," which is used by the Popes in sealing certain briefs or official documents. On it is a representation of St. Peter sitting in a boat, and letting down nets into the sea. When a Pope dies, this ring, which is of steel, is broken, and a new one is made for his successor. The present Pope's ring has the words: "Pius X. Pont. Max.," above the representation of St. Peter.

The families belonging to the Claddagh, Galway, possess wedding rings, which are handed down as heirlooms from one generation to another. The Claddagh ring, as it is called, is a gemel, or double ring, decorated with clasped hands.

In past ages, rings with a toadstone set in them were regarded as powerful preservatives from poison. The stone (trap-rock, of a brown hue) was supposed to come out of the toad's head. Shakespeare's words are well-known:—

Like the toad, ugly and venomous,  
Yet wears a precious jewel in his head.

It was not easy to obtain this "jewel," as the toad, an old writer tells us, "envieth so much that man should have that stone." The toad's objection, it must be confessed, was very natural. The stone, it seems, could be secured

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by killing the toad; but when obtained otherwise, it was thought to possess superior virtue as a charm. To induce the toad to surrender it, the following method must be adopted. The toads are set upon a scarlet cloth, "wherewithal they are much delighted, so that while they stretch out themselves upon that cloth they cast out the stone of their head, but instantly they sup it up again, unless it be taken from them through some secret hole in the cloth." Boethius relates how he spent a whole night watching a toad that he had placed on a red cloth, but he could not "cajole it into casting the stone out of its head." He does not state whether he adopted sterner measures to get possession of the treasure.

Details of quaint interest are given in connection with Posy or Motto rings. A Posy is "a poetical quotation or motto attached to or inscribed on something as on a ring." In the play which Hamlet instructed the players to act before the King, the first actor recited but two or three lines, and made his exit. Hamlet exclaimed:—

"Is this a prologue or the posy of a ring?"

George Herbert says in one of his poems:—

Let wits contest,  
And with their words and posies windows fill;  
"Less than the least  
Of all Thy mercies," is my posy still.

This on my ring,  
This by my picture, in my book I write;  
Whether I sing,  
Or say, or dictate, this is my delight.

Many curious mottoes are cut on marriage

## THE WEDDING RING.

rings. One which runs thus—"Let the woman be subject to the man"—was plainly a gift from the husband to the wife.

The ring given by Henry VIII. to Anne of Cleves bore the inscription: "God tend me well to kepe." Henry married and speedily divorced her.\*

I give a short list of Ring Posies:—

Silence ends strife With man and Wife.  
When this you see Remember me.  
God saw thee Most fit for me.  
Till death us part, Thou hast my heart.  
This and the giver Are thine for ever.  
Where grace is found, Love doth abound.

In God and thee My joy shall be.  
The love is true That I O U.  
Death never parts such loving hearts,  
A heart content Can ne'er repent.  
We join our love In God above.  
Where hearts agree, There God will be.  
Thy friend am I, And so will die.

An article in the "Dublin Review" (July, 1894) describes a remarkable wedding ring which is used in Madeira: "It consists of a gold ring with two hands clasped; on pulling each hand, the ring opens (each hand being, in truth, a separate ring), and then is seen a third ring, having two hearts side by side upon it. When the hands are closed, the three rings are then one."

In the Catholic Church, nuns' rings usually

\*Generally the asking precedes the marriage; but, with two or three of his wives, the English King reversed the order—he married them first, and axed them afterwards. It was no wonder that a schoolboy said, in an essay, that Henry VIII. was the greatest widower that the world has ever seen.

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have cut on them, in Latin, the Name of Jesus, and some words from Scripture—the chosen motto or tessera of the wearer's life. Chaucer says in the "Canterbury Tales," that the Prioress wore a bracelet on which were the words, *Amor vincit omnia* (Love conquers all things). Decade rings are provided with ten knobs, and sometimes a large boss, and were used by nuns for counting their Pater and Aves. The following simple verses on "A Nun's Ring," bearing the motto, *Soli Deo, "For God only,"* are taken from an old number of "The Month":—

Though gold and diamonds blaze  
    Around gay pleasure's throne,  
The soul seeks brighter rays,  
    That seeks for God alone.

Then, flattering world, farewell!  
    Thy friendship I disown;  
Far from thy scenes I'll dwell,  
    And live for God alone.

This mystic ring I'll wear,  
    Which Christ, my Spouse, put on:  
His sacred voice I'll hear,  
    And live for Him alone.

Many stories are related in which rings play an important part.

It is enough to allude to the beautiful maiden who bore a gold ring on a wand, and traversed Ireland in the days of King Brian the Brave, to prove that, though the men of Erin loved wealth and pleasure, they "loved honour and virtue more."

When Edward the Confessor drew the signet ring from his finger, and gave it in charity to the Apostle St. John, disguised as a poor man,

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it was afterwards returned to him by the Evangelist, with a revelation of the hour when he was to be called to the joys of heaven.

Plato tells us of Gyges, a Lydian, who possessed a gold ring of singular virtue, by which he could, when he chose, make himself invisible; he slew his Sovereign, and seized upon the supreme power. The most famous ring-story of antiquity is recorded by Herodotus. Polycrates, the King of Samos, was blessed with so complete and long-continued a prosperity, that his friend, Amasis, King of Egypt, feared that he would meet with misfortune unless he won the favour of the gods by sacrificing some highly-valued treasure. Polycrates took his friend's advice, and from his boat threw his signet ring into the sea. The loss of it gave him great grief. Some days subsequently a fisherman caught a large fish, which he presented to the King. When the fish was opened, the royal signet ring was found in the stomach and was restored to the owner. It has been observed in connection with this story that fish swallow greedily any glittering object which they encounter in the sea; and many instances are known of the discovery of rings in captured fish.

When Venice held "the gorgeous East in fee," her marriage with the Adriatic was celebrated on Ascension Day with rejoicing and splendour. Standing in the decorated vessel called the Bucentoro, the Doge took the marriage ring from his finger and dropped it into the waves, saying: "We espouse thee, O Sea, in token of our just and perpetual dominion."

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The ceremony was followed by High Mass in the Church of St. Nicholas. This marriage ring was once found in a fish served at the table of the Doge a year after the bridal festival. It would seem (so men thought) that the Adriatic dissolved the marriage by the restoration of the ring; and the incident was looked upon as an omen of the downfall of the Venetian Republic. Venice at last fell, and all her splendour and power are at an end. Yet we may justly say, with Wordsworth:—

And what if she had seen those glories fade,  
Those titles vanish and that strength decay;  
Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid,  
When her long life has reached its final day;  
Men are we, and must grieve when even the shade  
Of that which once was great is passed away.

## ELEGIES AND EPITAPHS.

### I.

Although death has snatched away those whom we love, they are not dead, as long as they live in our remembrance and affection. In the Elegy and Epitaph the memory of the departed has been embalmed and treasured up for future ages by the literature of every land. The grief of the mother and the father over the dead child, the mourning, indeed, of any human heart for its beloved, breaks naturally into speech, which is, in effect, a rude threnody, or unformed song of sorrow. The utterance may not express itself in measured rhythm, or be sustained in prolonged effort; yet, however brief, grave and severe the phrases that interpret the sigh of tenderness and regret, they are, in essence, a chant or lament, the outburst of impassioned feeling. Grief, no doubt, is sometimes so vehement that it is stricken into silence, that "whispers the o'erfraught heart and bids it break," or it gives way to unrestrained weeping and inarticulate moan; but when it has spent its force, and is softened into chastened melancholy and tender reminiscence, it finds in song appropriate utterance and commemoration.

The English language is particularly rich in elegies. Four of the most famous are Milton's "*Lycidas*," Shelley's "*Adonais*," Matthew Arnold's "*Thyrsis*," and Tennyson's "*In Memoriam*." More universally known and

more frequently quoted is Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard." Unless my memory is at fault, this poem is excluded from "The Flower of the Mind," the excellent anthology compiled by Mrs. Meynell, on the ground I suppose, that there is nothing particularly striking or original in the thoughts. But the thoughts are such as appeal to all hearts, and so exquisite a setting has been given to them in the sweet and flowing verse that the stanzas have imparted keen and constant pleasure to innumerable readers.

Gray was once at a bookseller's, where he saw a case of handsomely-bound French classics, the price of which was one hundred guineas, and he said to a friend that he would purchase the volumes if the cost were less. The Duchess of Northumberland heard his remark, and learning, after his departure, who he was, bought the books, and sent them to him with a note saying that she forwarded the packet as an acknowledgment, however slight, of "the infinite pleasure she had received in reading the 'Elegy in a Country Churchyard,' of all others her most favourite poem."

It is related, also, that General Wolfe, when floating down the St. Lawrence to attack Quebec in 1759, repeated to his brother officers a passage from the "Elegy":—

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
Await alike th' inevitable hour:  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

He said that he would sooner be the author of the poem than the conqueror of Quebec. It

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is, of course, a well-known fact that he took Quebec, and that he and his gallant opponent, Montcalm, were slain in the struggle: a striking instance of the truth enshrined in the last verse of the stanza which he had quoted.

We have some long epitaphs from Wordsworth's pen, but, perhaps, the best example of the elegy which he has written is the beautiful little poem, "She Dwelt Among Untrodden Ways."

A lady whom Landor knew in her childhood died in India, and when the poet received the news of her death, he wrote this short lyric—

Ah, what avails the sceptred race?  
Ah, what the form divine?  
What every virtue, every grace?  
Rose Aylmer, all were thine.  
Rose Alymer, whom those wakeful eyes  
May weep, but never see;  
A night of memories and sighs  
I consecrate to thee.

Of this plangent strain Charles Lamb wrote to Landor, in 1832: "Many things I had to say to you which there was not time for. One, why should I forget? 'Tis for 'Rose Aylmer,' which has a charm I cannot explain. I lived upon it for weeks."

Landor wrote, also, the following lines on a child's death for the bereaved mother:—

The scythe of time, alas, alas,  
Always cuts down the freshest grass,  
Nor spares the flowers that would adorn  
The tranquil brow of blooming morn;  
He lets the corn grow ripe, then why  
Bids he the germ be nipt and die?

Herrick's snatch on "A Child that Died" re-

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calls the simple elegance of the Greek epitaph:—

Here she lies a pretty bud,  
Lately made of flesh and blood;  
Who as soon fell fast asleep  
As her little eyes did peep.  
Give her strewings; but not stir  
The earth that lightly covers her.

Of “The Dirge of Jephthah’s Daughter,” by Herrick, I quote two of its thirteen stanzas:—

O thou, the wonder of all days!  
O paragon, and pearl of praise!  
O Virgin-martyr, ever blest  
    Above the rest  
Of all the maiden train! We come  
And bring fresh strewings to thy tomb.  
  
May no wolf howl, or screech owl stir  
A wing about thy sepulchre,  
No boisterous winds or storms come hither,  
    To starve or wither  
Thy soft, sweet earth; but, like a spring,  
Love keep it ever flourishing,

“Paula’s Epitaph,” which follows, is by Miss Louise Guiney:—

Go you by with gentle tread;  
Here was Paula who is dead.  
Eyes dark-lustrous to the look  
As a leaf-pavillioned brook;  
  
Voice upon the ear to cling,  
Sweeter than the eithern string;  
Whose shy spirit unaware,  
Loosed into refreshful air,  
  
With it took for talisman,  
Climbing past the starry van,  
Names to which the Heavens do ope—  
Candour, Chastity, and Hope.

“On a Blessed Spirit Departed,” by W. B. Yeats, gives us the Celtic note:—

## ELEGIES AND EPITAPHS.

All the heavy days are over;  
Leave the body's coloured pride  
Underneath the grass and clover,  
With the feet laid side by side.

One with her are mirth and duty:  
Bear the gold embroider'd dress,  
For she needs not her sad beauty,  
To the scented oaken press.

Hers the kiss of Mother Mary,  
The long hair is on her face;  
Still she goes with footsteps wary,  
Full of earth's old timid grace.

She goes down the floor of Heaven,  
Shining bright as a new lance,  
And her guides are angels seven,  
While young stars about her dance.\*

There are two well-known elegies by Thomas Moore, "She is Far from the Land," and "Oh! Breathe Not His Name."

I must not forget Aubrey de Vere's "Year of Sorrow," and his Memorial Sonnets, especially those on his father and Cardinal Newman.

The year 1882 witnessed the deaths of three poets—Longfellow, D. F. MacCarthy, and Dante Gabriel Rossetti—and it is thus referred to in Katharine Tynan's "A Sad Year":—

And as the year went by,  
Death called our best and dearest to his feast—  
Poet and artist, ruler, sage and priest,  
A goodly company.

\* This stanza, revised, is given thus in the "Treasury of Irish Poetry" (Brooks and Rolleston):—

With white feet of angels seven  
Her white feet go glimmering;  
And above the deep of Heaven,  
Flame on flame and wing on wing.

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The Spring's flowers waxed pale,  
Summer cast rue for roses in her path,  
And the lone Autumn brought its meed of death,  
And sad was Winter's tale.

"The Dead Patriot," by the same writer, is solemn and impressive as a funeral march.

Very sweet is "The Dying Girl," by Richard Dalton Williams:—

At length the harp is broken,  
And the spirit in its strings,  
As the last decree is spoken,  
To its source exulting springs.

Descending swiftly from the skies,  
Her guardian angel came;  
He struck God's lightning from her eyes,  
And bore him back the flame.

Of Cardinal Newman's lines on the death of his sister ("Death came unheralded"), the second stanza is as follows:—

Joy of sad hearts and light of downcast eyes:  
Dearest, thou art enshrined  
In all the fragrance of our memories;  
For we must ever find  
Bare thought of thee  
Freshen this weary life, while weary life shall  
be.

Rosetti's lyric on a similar loss, "My Sister's Sleep," opens and concludes thus:—

She fell asleep on Christmas Eve.  
At length the long-ungranted shade  
Of weary eyelids overweigh'd  
The pain nought else might yet relieve.

Our mother bowed herself and wept:  
And both my arms fell, and I said,  
"God knows I knew that she was dead."  
And there, all white, my sister slept.

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Then kneeling, upon Christmas morn,  
A little after twelve o'clock,  
We said, ere the first quarter struck,  
"Christ's blessing on the newly-born!"

Phoebe Carey has written stanzas full of pathos on the death of one "whose soul from its prison-fetters was loosed by the hand of God"—

One moment her pale lips trembled  
With the triumph she might not tell,  
As the sight of the life immortal  
On her spirit's vision fell;  
Then the look of rapture faded,  
And the beautiful smile was faint,  
As that in some Convent picture  
On the face of a dying saint.

Mrs. Browning's poem, "Cowper's Grave," thrills with poetic passion, inspired by deeply moved sympathy and religious feeling; and a similar elegy, "Wordsworth's Grave," by William Watson, has won a large measure of praise for its restrained simplicity, unerring taste, and dignity of expression.

The lines are well-known, which Robert Louis Stevenson sent to a father on the death of his little son:—

Yet, O stricken heart, remember, O remember  
How of human days he lived the better part;  
April came to bloom, and never dim December  
Breathed its killing chills upon the head and heart.

Doomed to know not Winter, only Spring, a being  
Trod the flowery April blithely for a while,  
Took his fill of music, joy of thought and seeing,  
Came and stayed and went, nor ever ceased to smile.

## SKETCHES AND ESSAYS.

Came and stayed and went, and now when all  
is finished.

You alone have crossed the melancholy stream;  
Yours the pang, but his, O his the undiminished  
Undecaying gladness, undeparted dream.

All that life contains of torture, toil and treason,  
Shame, dishonour, death, to him were but a name;  
Here a boy, he dwelt through all the singing season,  
And ere the day of sorrow, departed as he came.

Father Tabb, the American poet, writes on a  
child named Niva (snow) :

Niva, child of Innocence,  
Dust to dust "we" go  
"Thou," when Winter wooed thee hence,  
Wentest snow to snow.

Uhland, on a child's death, asks, "Whence  
didst thou come, and whither hast thou gone?"  
and replies :

"From the Father's hand to the Father's hand."

"Friends Departed," by Henry Vaughan :—  
They are all gone into the world of light,  
And I alone sit lingering here;  
Their very memory is fair and bright,  
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

Dear, beauteous Death, the jewel of the Just,  
Shining nowhere but in the dark!  
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust  
Could man outlook that mark!

Very similar is the Welsh lament (Davydd  
Ab Gwilym) :—

Ivor is gone, my friend most dear!  
And Nest, sweet soother of my care!  
My soul's delight, dear Mornydd's dead!—  
All moulder in their clay-cold bed;  
And I, oppressed with woe remain,  
Victim of age and lingering pain.

## ELEGIES AND EPITAPHS.

The examples which I have cited serve to show, I think, how interesting a subject is the commemoration of deceased friends in English literature. Striking as are those commemorations in metre, there are in prose many similar that merit to be set side by side with them. Such are Edmund Burke's words on his son's death and on the death of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and the address of President Lincoln on the dedication of the battlefield of Gettysburg as a national cemetery. Of the latter a writer in the "Revue des Deux Mondes" said in January, 1866: "Je ne crois pas que l'eloquence moderne ait jamais produit de plus eleve que le discours prononce par lui (Lincoln) sur la tombe des soldats morts à Gettysburg." Lincoln's words are these:—

"Four score and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth upon this Continent a new nation conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war testing whether that nation, or any nation, so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long

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remember, what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced: to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us,—that from these honoured dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion: that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

This address is worthy to be associated with the splendid panegyric which Thucydides placed upon the lips of Pericles when speaking of those who fell in battle during the first year of the Peloponnesian War. Let me conclude with an extract from this specimen of ancient eloquence:—

"Offering up their lives collectively, they have, each, gained glory which will never die, a sepulchre most illustrious: not that wherein their bones lie mouldering, but that wherein their fame is treasured, to be refreshed by every incident either of word or deed that stirs its remembrance. For of illustrious men the whole earth is the sepulchre: it is not only the inscription upon the memorial columns in their own land that records their glory, but even in a country where they were unknown, an unwritten inscription dwells in the heart of everyone, more durable than material monuments."

## II.

Two well-known monographs on sepulchral inscriptions have been left us by Dr. Johnson and Wordsworth. Johnson's essay, which appeared in the "Gentleman's Magazine," 1740, commends those epitaphs as the most perfect which set virtue in the strongest light and are best fitted to rouse the reader's emulation; the inscription should be dignified, simple and unadorned. He disapproves of the long panegyric, on Sir Isaac Newton's tomb, and suggests as a substitute,

ISAAC NEWTONUS, *naturæ legibus investigatis hic quiescit.*

That Johnson was a stickler for Latin as the most suitable language for epitaphs, readers of Boswell's "Life" are well aware from what is narrated (vol. vi., ch. 7) of the inscription for Goldsmith's tomb. In the Middle Ages, Johnson says, epitaphs were "drawn up with greater propriety than can be shown in those which more enlightened times have produced." To bear out this assertion, he quotes the following example:—

*Orate pro Anima  
miserrimi Peccatoris.*

He praises this simple petition as "an address to the last degree striking and solemn, as it flowed naturally from the religion then believed, and awakened in the reader sentiments of benevolence for the deceased and of concern for his own happiness. There was nothing trifling or ludicrous, nothing that did not tend to the noblest end, the propagation of piety and the increase of devotion."

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Wordsworth states that the custom of writing epitaphs sprang from the belief in man's immortality. Without such belief "man could never have awakened in him the desire to live in the remembrance of his fellows; mere love or the yearning of kind towards kind could not have produced it." It may, however, be alleged that the wish felt by every people to preserve the remembrance of the virtues and heroism of their famous men, and to propose them to the living as worthy of imitation, naturally resulted in the brief and striking epigram or epitaph engraved on their monument. This kindly impulse received, doubtless, greater force from the doctrine of immortality which the Christian religion teaches. Beautiful as are many of the sepulchral inscriptions in the Greek Anthology, what, after all, do they express but unavailing regret, a sigh breathed for the unreturning dead, to whom there is no blissful resurrection? Thus we read of a young girl:—

Thy bier, and not thy bridal bed, sweet maid.  
With grieving hands thy parents have arrayed.  
Thou from life's troubles and from childbirth's  
pains  
Escap'st; for them a cloud of woes remains.  
Fate, at thy twelfth year, wrapped thee in the  
mould—  
In beauty, young; in moral merits, old.

The famous epigram by Simonides on Leonidas and the Three Hundred who fell at Thermopylae has often been quoted as a perfect specimen of the epitaph. But it is, in truth, rather a paean or brief song of triumph.

## ELEGIES AND EPITAPHS.

which all Greece knew, and sang for centuries:—

Go stranger, and tell at Lacedaemon that we died here in obedience to her laws.

Or, as another version expresses it,

Go, tell the Spartans, thou that passest by,  
That here, obedient to their laws, we lie.

This lesson of obedience to duty at all risks is the same which is dwelt upon in Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade":—

Their's not to make reply,  
Their's not to reason why,  
Their's but to do and die;  
Into the valley of Death  
Rode the Six Hundred.

Nowadays there is much wild talk at times of "liberty;" but man's perfection, as well as glory, is found, not in so-called liberty, but in reasonable and steadfast obedience to the restraints of Divine law and the precepts of duty.

The following epitaph on an unknown Greek sailor drowned at sea—"Ask not, mariner, whose tomb I am here, but may thine own fortune prove a kinder sea"—was much admired by Mr. Gladstone, who (as we learn from Mr. Morley's "Life") "felt its pathos and its noble charm—so direct and simple, such benignity, such a good lesson to men to forget their own misdeeds and mischance, and to pray for the passer-by a happier star."

Of ancient Latin epitaphs an interesting example comes to us from the past of two thousand years in the words which the Roman mother uses to commemorate her grief and love for her lost son:—

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Lagge, fili, bene quiescas.  
Mater tua rogat te,  
Ut me ad te recipias.  
Vale!

Laggus, son, thine be good rest  
Thy mother prays thee  
To take me to thee.  
Farewell!

In the cemetery, or Campo Santo, of Bologna we find a modern Latin inscription, in which a Christian mother speaks thus:

Angela Ricci, I now am buried here, having lived fifty-one years. Always sorrowing for the loss of my son, I willingly departed, after six months' illness. Thanks, O merciful God! Now I am united with my sweetest son, the love of my heart.\*

As a rule, the simpler and briefer the epitaph the more dignified it is, and the more effective. That on Tasso's tomb is:—

OSSA TASSI.  
[Tasso's Bones.]

The heart of Coeur De Lion was found interred in Our Lady's Chapel, Rouen Cathedral, and on the casket that held it were the words:—

HIC JACET COR RICARDI,  
REGIS ANGLORUM.

[Here lies the heart of Richard, King of the English.]

Another effective epitaph is that at Oxford:—

PRAEIVIT.  
[He is gone before.]

\* The mother of the most remarkable of St. Francis of Assisi's first companions lived to see her son canonised, and on her tomb is written: "Here lies the mother of St. Anthony."

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Again, in the Roman Catacombs:—

PAX TECUM. . . . IN PACE.  
MARTYR.

Among modern nations the French, owing to their naturally epigrammatic turn of mind, have succeeded in producing many happy inscriptions both in Latin and in French. Upon the tomb of the Count de Tenia, who was singularly prosperous in his undertakings, are engraved the words—

TANDEM FELIX!

Inscription on the tombstone of a mother who was the first of the family to die:—

LA PREMIERE AU RENDEZ-VOUS.

In the poem addressed by Malherbe to Du Perier on the death of his daughter, these lines occur:—

Mais elle était du monde où les plus belles choses  
Ont le pire destin,  
Et, rose, elle a vécu ce que vivent les roses,  
L'espèce d'un matin.

She was of a world too prone to give  
Saddest fate to fairest flowers;  
A rose, she lived as the roses live,  
Through a few bright morning hours.

A touching epitaph for the hapless Ophelia would be the words in the play—"Drowned! Drowned!"

Louis Veuillot composed for his tomb an epitaph which Gounod adapted and set to music under the title of "Derniere Priere." I give a rough translation of my own:—

Placez à mon côté ma plume,  
Sur mon cœur le Christ, mon orgueil;  
Sous mes pieds mettez ce volume,  
Et clouez en paix le cercueil.

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Après la dernière prière,  
Sur ma fosse plantez la croix,  
Et si l'on me donne une pierre,  
Gravez dessus : “*J'ai cru, je vois.*”

Dites en vous-même : “Il sommeille :  
Son dur labeur est achevé ;”  
Ou plutôt, dites : “Il s'éveille :  
Il voit ce qu'il a tant rêvé. . . .”

J'espère en JESUS : sur la terre  
Je n'ai pas rougi de sa loi ;  
Au dernier jour, devant son Père,  
Il ne rougira pas de moi.

Set ye my pen here at my side,  
And on my heart Christ crucified ;  
Be at my feet this volume hid,  
Then nail in peace the coffin lid.

When ye the last sad prayers have said,  
The Cross plant firmly o'er my head ;  
Grave on the stone ye give to me,  
“Faith once was mine ; lo, now I see !”

And say : “He sleeps for evermore,  
His sorrows and his toils are o'er ;”  
Or else : “He wakes to light and love—  
What here he dreamed he sees above.”

My hope is Jesus : for His Name  
I never shunned defeat or shame ;  
Him I confessed on earth alway—  
Me He'll confess on Judgment Day.

The best English epitaphs are remarkable for terseness and point. Ben Jonson's is much admired :—

O RARE BEN JONSON !

To him is ascribed the epitaph on the Countess of Pembroke, though some writers declare William Browne to be the author :—

Underneath this sable hearse  
Lies the subject of all verse,

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Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother;  
Death, ere thou hast slain another,  
Learned, fair, and good as she,  
Time shall throw a dart at thee.

Saintsbury, in his "Elizabethan Literature," calls these lines "the crown and flower of all epitaphs."

Herrick, on Charles I.:—

Be not dismaide, tho' crosses cast thee downe;  
Thy fall is but the rising to a crowne.

On Mary Queen of Scots:—

Death is Release..

Somewhat similar is the quatrain which the poet, Father Robert Southwell, S.J., wrote on his own death—he suffered at Tyburn under Elizabeth:—

My skaffold was the bed where ease I found,  
The block, a pillow of eternal reste;  
My hedman cast me in a blissful swounde,  
His axe cutt off my cares from combred breste.

In a short article on "Epitaphs," Mr. Augustine Birrell says that "the best epitaphs are the grim ones," and, as an example, he gives the following on a child of tender years:—

When the Archangel's trump shall blow,  
And souls to bodies join,  
Many will wish their lives below  
Had been as short as mine.

This epitaph, he remarks, is uncouth, but it grips.

Johnson in the "Rambler" says; Pontanus, a man celebrated among the early restorers of literature, thought the study of our own hearts of so much importance, that he recommended it from his tomb.

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I am Pontanus, beloved by the powers of literature, admired by men of worth, and dignified by the monarchs of the world. Thou knowest now who I am, or more properly who I was. For thee, stranger, I who am in darkness cannot know thee, but I entreat thee to know thyself.

Johnson adds that the advice enforces "a precept, dictated by philosophers, inculcated by poets and ratified by saints."

Elegies and epitaphs are not, indeed, the sole means by which the memory of the dead can be perpetuated. Great names may be inseparably associated with natural objects, with seas, fields, and mountains. Of Greece Byron says:—

While kings in dusty darkness hid  
Have left a nameless pyramid,  
Thy heroes, though the general doom  
Hath swept the column from their tomb,  
A mightier monument command,  
The mountains of their native land!  
There points thy Muse to stranger's eye  
The grave of those who cannot die!

Nevertheless such association owes much, if not all, of its permanence to the monumental inscriptions, graven at first on marble or brass and then stereotyped for ever in literature; and many a heroic deed has doubtless failed to survive because it lacked a written memorial.

But we must not forget the uncommemorated dead, who rest in nameless graves—the vast multitude that lived in obscurity, and yet, by their strenuous toil of limb and brain, did the world's work, and, in a sense, made it possible for their more fortunate brothers to attract by striking deeds the world's applause. In

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that book of pleasant and clever causeries, "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," Oliver Wendell Holmes refers in some verses to those whom he calls "The Voiceless."

A few can touch the magic string,  
And noisy fame is proud to win them;  
Alas! for those that never sing,  
But die with all their music in them.

Nay, grieve not for the dead alone,  
Whose song has told their heart's sad story—  
Weep for the voiceless who have known  
The cross without the crown of glory.

Many a hidden saint and many a heroic soul, known to God, lived faithful to duty's dictates, and, though their grave is marked by no inscription, they passed not away from this visible scene without leaving behind them a hope and an inspiration, that this poor earth of ours cannot afford to lose.

It is well indeed for the world that the memory of the choicest spirits of the human race has not perished. The example of the dead is ever before us, their unwearied patience in life's combat, their high ideals, their love of truth, their hatred of wrong, their courageous, and even passionate, striving for all that is noblest and most becoming an immortal, spiritual nature; all this teaches the invaluable lesson that if we are true to ourselves, to duty and to God, we can walk in their footsteps, can front life with hearts full of hope and courage, and can become, like them, an influence to cheer, to guide and to bless.

## QUAINT EPITAPHS.

In the preceding essay, the inscriptions which I quote are, in the main, literary; but those actually engraven on tombstones present many points of interest, worthy of consideration and study.

"Epitaphs, if in rhyme," says Mr. Augustine Birrell, "are the real literature of the masses.

. . . The note of Christianity is seldom struck in epitaphs. There is a deep-rooted paganism in the English people, which is forever bubbling up and asserting itself in the oddest of ways."

Yet how beautiful a pagan inscription can be is fully proved by Martial's "Eroton"—"Hic festinata requiescit Eroton umbra," &c.—of which Leigh Hunt gives the following translation:—

"Underneath this greedy stone  
Lies little sweet Eroton,  
Whom the Fates with hearts as cold  
Nipped away at six years old.  
Thou, whoever thou may'st be,  
That hast this small field after me,  
Let the yearly rites be paid  
To her little slender shade;  
So shall no disease or jar  
Hurt thy house or chill thy Lar,  
But this tomb be here alone  
The only melancholy stone."

Next to the grim epitaphs, "full of the sombre philosophy of life," Mr. Birrell ranks those which remind the passer-by of his tran-

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sitory state. On this subject, however, of preaching epitaphs, as we may call them, Charles Lamb expressed a quaintly characteristic opinion, for, writing on New Year's Eve, 1820, he says:—

"I conceive disgust at those impertinent and misbecoming familiarities, inscribed upon your ordinary tombstones. Every dead man must take upon himself to be lecturing me with his odious truism, that 'such as he now is I must shortly be.' Not so shortly, friend, perhaps, as thou imaginest. In the meantime I am alive. I move about. I am worth twenty of thee. Know thy betters! Thy New Years' days are past. I survive, a jolly candidate for 1821."

The love of versifying was one of the causes of the bad taste displayed in so many epitaphs, and it was so pronounced that sometimes even the name of the dead person was changed so as to make it rhyme. For instance, on the tomb of a Mr. Woodcock were placed these lines:—

Here lies the body of Thomas Woodhen,  
The most lovable of husbands and the most amiable  
of men.

N.B.—His name was Woodcock, but it wouldn't rhyme.

Erected by his loving Widow.

The majority of rhyming and punning epitaphs belong to the eighteenth century. No doubt, some of them were written in the spirit of sarcasm; but many were also the outcome of good faith and sincere affection, and it is this fact which makes the unconscious humour of them so exquisite.

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On a farmer's daughter whose name was Letitia:—

Grim Death, to please his liquorish palate,  
Has taken my Lettice to put in his sallat.

Here lies the body of William Beck;  
He was thrown at a hunt and broke his neck.

Some have children—some have none—  
Here lies the mother of twenty-one.

On a girl, Anna Mary:—

With grief for her our hearts are swellin'—  
She died of eatin' too much water melon.

Here lies John Bunn,  
Shot by a gun.

He liv'd one hundred and five  
Sanguine and strong,  
A hundred to five  
You live not so long.

Satirical epitaphs are numerous in British graveyards. At Old Grey Friars, Edinburgh, is a tombstone with this couplet:—

Here snug in grave my wite doth lie;  
Now she's at rest, and so am I.

On a Rev. Mr. Chest:—

Here lies at rest, I do protest,  
One Chest within another.  
The chest of wood was very good;  
Who says so of the other?

On John Potter, Archbishop of Canterbury (1736):—

Alack and well-a-day,  
Potter himself is turned to clay.

On a coroner who hanged himself:—

He lived and died  
By suicide.

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At rest beneath this churchyard stone  
Lies stingy Jemmy Wyatt;  
He died one morning just at ten,  
And saved a dinner by it.

A Cockney epitaph over a London cook:—

PEAS TO HIS HASHES.  
(Peace to His Ashes.)

On an author:—

FINIS.

The shortest rhyming epitaph I have seen is this:—

THORPE'S  
CORPSE.

There is a notable epitaph, it is said, in a burial ground near Athlone, County of Roscommon, Ireland. Athlone is a garrison town, and the epitaph was placed over the remains of a sergeant-major who was a strict disciplinarian. It was, apparently, composed by one who had good reason to remember his severity:—

Here lies our bold Sergeant Major,  
To flog a man he was always aiger;  
Here he lies, without sheet or blanket,  
Stiff as a crutch, the Lord be thanked.

In a Belfast churchyard a husband mourns thus over his wife:—

Beneath this stone lies Katherine, my wife,  
In death my comfort, and my plague through life.  
Oh, Liberty!—But soft! I must not boast,  
She'll haunt me else, by jingo, with her ghost.

Lawyers have always been reckoned lawful prey by jokers, and many quaint epitaphs commemorate their decease. The lines which follow were placed over a Mr. James Straw:—

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Hic jacet Jacobus Straw,  
Who for forty years, Sir, followed the law;  
And when he died  
The Devil cried,  
Jemmy, gie's your paw.

On the tomb of another lawyer, a Mr. Strange:—

Here lies an honest lawyer, and that's Strange.

Tombstones sometimes commend the necessity of making a praiseworthy use of the tongue. Thus:—

TO THE MEMORY OF SUSAN MUM.  
Silence is Wisdom.

Again:—

Beneath this silent stone is laid  
A noisy, antiquated maid,  
Who from her cradle talk'd till death,  
And ne'er before was out of breath.

The next is somewhat similar:—

Here lies, returned to clay,  
Miss Arabella Young,  
Who on the first of May  
Began to hold her tongue.

Even the fact of eating heartily during life is considered worthy of commemoration:—

Here lies Johnny Cole,  
Who died on my soul,  
After eating a plentiful dinner;  
While chewing his crust  
He was turned to dust,  
With his crimes undigested—poor sinner!

---

Gentle reader, gentle reader,  
Look on the spot where I do lie;  
I was always a very good feeder,  
But now the worms do feed on I.

A curious inscription appears on the tomb of a Miss Long, who was remarkable for good

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looks, but so small that she was known as the "Pocket Venus." The two last lines of the epitaph run thus:—

Though Long, yet short;  
Though short, yet "pretty" Long.

The persons buried often address the living, to narrate the cause of their death or give advice. A tomb in Pembrokeshire has:—

Here lie I, and no wonder I'm dead,  
For the wheel of the waggon went over my head.

At Edinburgh:—

Remember, man, as thou goest by,  
As thou art now, so once was I;  
As I am now, so shalt thou be,  
Remember, man, that thou must dee.

---

The bitter cup that Death gave me  
Is passing round to come to thee.

The same lesson is contained in the Latin epitaph:—

Hodie mihi, cras tibi.  
Ecce quid eris.

On a Mr. Stone:—

Jerusalem's curse was not fulfilled in me,  
For here a stone upon a Stone you see.

On Thomas Huddlestone:—

Here lies Thomas Huddlestone, Reader, don't smile!  
But reflect, as this tombstone you view,  
That Death, who killed him, in a very short while  
Will "huddle a stone" upon you.

A similar play upon words occurs in many epitaphs. Thus the tomb of John Rosewell assures us that—

This grave's a bed of roses; here doth lie  
John Rosewell, gent., his wife, nine children by.

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Here Lies  
FRANCIS NEWMAN.

Divested of body and received among the seats of the  
Blessed Souls, he is now truly a New Man.

Over Isaac Greentree's remains :—

There is a time when these green trees shall fall,  
And Isaac Greentree rise above them all.

On Meredith, organist, Oxford :—

Here lies one blown out of breath,  
Who lived a merry life, and died a Merideth.

The following is what may be called a meta-  
physical epitaph :—

What was John Wiles is what John Wile was not.  
The mortal being has immortal got.  
The Wiles that was a non-Ens is gone,  
And now remains the true eternal John.

Some inscriptions take the form of a  
dialogue.

Liv'st thou, Thomas? Yes, with God on high.  
Art thou not dead? Yes, and here I lie.  
I that with man on earth did live to die,  
Died for to live with Christ eternally.

Of children's epitaphs, perhaps the most singular is this couplet :—

This little hero that lies here  
Was conquered by the diarrheer.

Then there is a large number of gravestones recording the fact that the deceased is not buried beneath :—

Here lies two children dear,  
One in the next parish, and the other here.

At Nettlebad, Oxfordshire :—

Here lies Father & Mother & Sister & I,  
We all died within the short space of one year.  
They be all buried at Mimble except I,  
And I be buried here.

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Here lies John Thomas,  
And his three children dear;  
Two buried at Oswestry,  
And one here.

Under this sod lies John Round,  
Who was lost in the sea and never found.

At Montrose (1757) :—

Here lyes the Bodeys of George Young and Isabel Gutrie,  
And all their Posterity for more than fifty years backwards.

At Kirkeel :—

Here lie the remains of Thomas Nicols, who died in Philadelphia, March 1753. Had he lived he would have been buried here.

---

Here lies the body of John Eldred,  
At least he will be here when he is dead;  
But now at this time he is alive,  
The 14th of August, sixty-five.

The following lines were composed on the death of Frederick, son of George II. :—

Here lies Fred,  
Who was alive and is dead;  
I had much rather  
Had it been his father;  
Had it been his brother,  
Much better than another;  
Had it been his sister  
No one would have missed her;  
Had it been the whole generation,  
So much better for the nation.  
But as it's only Fred,  
Who was alive and is dead,  
There's no more to be said.

An epitaph exists in Horsley Down Church, Cumberland, which might serve many a housewife (and others, too) as an excellent method

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of examining the conscience with respect to the practice of virtue. It is to this effect:—

Here lie the bodies of

THOMAS BOND AND MARY, HIS WIFE.

She was temperate, chaste, and charitable;

BUT

She was proud, peevish, and passionate.

She was an affectionate wife and tender mother.

BUT

Her husband and child, whom she loved, seldom saw her countenance without a disgusting frown, whilst she received visitors, whom she despised, with an endearing smile.

Her behaviour was discreet towards strangers,

BUT

independent in her family.

Abroad, her conduct was influenced by good breeding,

BUT

At home by ill-temper.

She was a professed enemy to flattery, and was seldom known to praise or commend;

BUT

The talents in which she principally excelled were differences of opinion and discovering flaws and imperfections.

She was an admirable economist, and, without prodigality, dispensed plenty to her family;

BUT

Would sacrifice their eyes to a farthing candle.

She sometimes made her husband happy with her good qualities,

BUT

Much more frequently miserable with her many failings. In so much that in thirty years' cohabitation he often lamented that maugre all her virtues, he had not, in the whole, enjoyed two years of matrimonial comfort.

AT LENGTH,

finding that she had lost the affections of her husband,

## QUAINT EPITAPHS.

as well as the regard of her neighbours, family disputes having been divulged by servants, she died of vexation, July 20, 1768, aged 48 years. Her worn-out husband survived her four months and two days, and departed this life Nov. 28, 1768, in the 54th year of his age. William Bond, brother to the deceased, erected this stone as a WEEKLY MONITOR to the surviving wives of this parish, that they may avoid the infamy of having their memories handed to posterity

### WITH A PATCHWORK CHARACTER.

The last epitaph which I shall give is one that has baffled many attempts to interpret it. It was generally supposed to be in Latin. This is the inscription:—

BENE  
ATH THISST ONERE POSET  
H. CLAUD, COS: TERTTRIP  
E SELLERO  
FIMP: in GT ONAS DO  
TH—HI  
S. C.  
ON SOR: TIANE.

Let the reader try to discover the meaning of the epitaph before he reads the explanation, which is given at the end of this essay.

In the "Spectator," Addison describes a visit which he paid to Westminster Abbey, where he spent a whole afternoon amusing himself with the tombstones and inscriptions. He said that so serious an entertainment suited his character, for, while he was always grave, he was never melancholy, and he was able to take a view of nature in deep and solemn scenes with the same pleasure as in her most gay and delightful ones. He could thus, he said, improve himself with those objects which others consider with terror. He concludes his essay

## SKETCHES AND ESSAYS.

with these words:—"When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together."

The last epitaph given above is simple enough when written thus:—

BENEATH  
THIS STONE REPOSETH CLAUD  
COSTER, TRIPE SELLER OF  
IMPINGTON, AS DOOTH HIS CON-  
SORT JANE.

## THE CROSS AND THE CRESCENT.

### THE KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN.

Though the age of chivalry is gone, it were well if our modern world aimed at preserving the essentials of the chivalrous spirit, and acquired that unbought grace of life and that chastity of honour which should be to us also, in this twentieth century, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise. The system which in medieval Europe was "the cheap defence of nations," conferred many benefits on mankind.

"There cannot be a doubt," says James, in his "History of Chivalry," "that chivalry, more than any other institution except religion, aided to work out the civilisation of Europe. It first taught devotion and reverence to those weak, fair beings who, but in their beauty and gentleness, have no defence. It first raised love above the passions of the brute, and, by dignifying woman, made woman worthy of love. It gave purity to enthusiasm, crushed barbarous selfishness, taught the heart to expand like a flower to the sunshine, beautified glory with generosity, and smoothed even the rugged brow of war."

The following sketch of an Order of Knights, which was called into being to cope with the peculiar perils of that age, sets before

## SKETCHES AND ESSAYS.

the view a picture, however imperfect, of the practical working of Christian chivalry in its encounter with difficulty and danger.

Thirteen centuries have passed since Mahomet announced (610) that he had received his revelation of a new religion. His followers, bursting from the Arabian deserts, fell with the violence of a torrent upon Egypt and Syria. From the Nile to the Atlantic Ocean the most flourishing Christian cities and churches of the North of Africa were unable to resist their advance, and have never since risen from their ruins. Crossing the sea, the Mahomedans seized the fairest provinces of the Spanish Peninsula, and even invaded Gaul; while in the East they conquered Persia and Sind, and wrenched Anatolia from the Greek Emperor. The Ottoman Turks, under the warlike Sultan, Mahomet II., made themselves masters of Constantinople in 1453, and gradually extended their dominions, till Albania, Greece, the Morea, and the islands of Lesbos and Negropont owned their sway. They threatened the very existence of Christendom, and the peril was increased by the jealousies and dissensions which prevailed among the rulers of the Western kingdoms. The Sovereign Pontiffs alone realised the imminence of the danger, and raised their voice unceasingly to warn and arouse Christian nations. In "Lectures on the Turks," delivered in 1853, Dr. Newman (as he was then styled) pointed out how every check which the power of Islam met with was due to the exertions of the Holy See, and he gave a list of the

## THE CROSS AND THE CRESCENT.

Popes who, from the eleventh to the eighteenth century, were unwearied in their labours to stem the advancing tide of Moslem power. And, if the one hundred and fifty millions of the human race, from the confines of China to the shores of the Atlantic, who are to-day the professed followers of Mahomet, have failed to make all Christendom bow beneath their yoke, much gratitude does every modern civilised nation owe the Roman Pontiffs for compassing their defeat, and confining them within their existing limits.

Almost the only power that obeyed the Popes and responded to their appeal was that of the Military Religious Orders, especially the Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem. The Order of St. John withstood, single-handed, the ambition and utmost efforts of the Ottoman Turk, in the day of his greatest pride and strength, and at last drove him back, baffled and discredited, from the shores of Malta. Those true soldiers of the Cross, who were in that age the sole bulwark of the Christian cause, proved to the nations of the West that the Turkish Sultan was not invincible, and from that moment the terror which his name inspired diminished, and his power waned.

The Knights of St. John (St. John the Baptist was their patron) came into existence as an Association at the time of the First Crusade. When Jerusalem was taken from the Saracens by Godfrey de Bouillon, the Hospital of St. John was organised, and exercised the duties of Christian charity towards the Crusaders and

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the numerous pilgrims who crowded to the Holy Land from every part of the civilised world. It grew so large that it was able to accommodate, it is said, two thousand guests, and its directors and officers were formed into a religious order, whose members pronounced vows of poverty, chastity and obedience, and undertook the obligation, when not engaged in attending the sick, to fight in the Crusaders' ranks, and to wage perpetual war upon the Moslem.

The postulant for admission among the Knights prepared himself by a general confession and the reception of Holy Communion. During the knighting ceremony he held a lighted taper, and a priest, after solemnly blessing his sword, gave it to him, with the words: "Receive this holy sword in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen. Use it for thy own defence and that of the Church of God, to the confusion of the enemies of Jesus Christ and of the Christian faith, and take heed that no human frailty move thee to strike any man with it unjustly." Then, as the sword was placed in its scabbard and girded on, the priest continued: "Gird thyself with the sword of Jesus Christ, and remember that it is not with the sword, but with faith, that the saints have conquered kingdoms." When the Knight drew the blade from its sheath, the sacred minister said: "Let the brilliancy of this sword represent to thee the brightness of faith; let its point signify hope, and its hilt charity. Use it for the Catholic faith, for justice, and for the defence

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of widows and orphans; for this is the true faith and justification of a Christian Knight." The postulant brandished the weapon thrice in the Name of the Blessed Trinity, and he was given the golden spurs, with the words: "Seest thou these spurs? They signify that, as the horse fears them when he swerves from his duty, so shouldst thou fear to depart from thy post or from thy vows." Then he was clothed in the mantle of the Order, and he was shown the cross of eight points, which appeared on the left side. "Wear this white cross as a sign of purity; wear it also within thy heart as well as outwardly, and keep it without soil or stain. The eight points are the signs of the eight beatitudes, which thou must ever preserve." After he had kissed the cross, the administering brethren fastened the mantle. "Take the cross and mantle in the Name of the Holy Trinity, for the repose and salvation of thy soul, the defence of the Catholic faith, and the honour of Our Lord Jesus Christ." Finally, he was warned that, if ever he fled while combating the enemies of Jesus Christ, he should be stripped of the insignia of the Order, and cut off from the body, as an unsound member.

In the Order there were three classes of members: First, the Knights, who were always of noble birth, and who, though they took the three essential vows—of Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience—like the others, did not receive priestly ordination; secondly, the priests or chaplains, whose duties were merely ecclesiastical; and brothers servants-at-arms, who acted as squires to the Knights in the time of war.

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These brothers were treated by the rest as equals, and they had the privilege of voting for the election of the Grand Master.

After the surrender of Jerusalem to the Moslems, in 1187, the Knights retired, first to the town of Margat, and afterwards to Acre. In Acre, which they strongly fortified, "the heroes of the Christian armies," as the infidels called them, maintained themselves for about a century against repeated attacks. An overwhelming host was at last sent from Egypt against them in 1291, and they were compelled to sail to Cyprus. They remained at Limisso, in Cyprus, until, in 1310, they conquered Rhodes, an island which lies about ten miles south of Cape Alepo, Asia Minor. Under the rule of the Knights, Rhodes became an important commercial emporium. Blessed as it was with a delightful climate and fertile soil, it was soon adorned with vineyards, gardens, and villas, while its hills gladdened the eye with verdant groves of the pomegranate and the orange. Moreover, skilfully fortified, it became the outpost of Christendom against the encroaching power of the Ottoman Turks.

After the fall of Constantinople, the Knights knew that the Sultan, Mahomet II., would exert all his power to destroy Rhodes. They had inflicted so many injuries on his fleets and territories, that he was filled with fury, and he swore to exterminate the Order. Just at this time, Peter d'Aubusson, a name renowned among even the most heroic rulers of the island, was unanimously chosen Grand Master. His brethren possessed the utmost confidence

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in his great qualities, and, though extremely jealous of their privileges, they invested him with absolute power as Dictator during the approaching struggle with the infidels. This irresponsible jurisdiction he exercised with justice, judgment, and a wise moderation, and in his hands it became one of the chief agencies of the triumph achieved by the Christian forces.

Though Rhodes was then an island of surpassing beauty, the Grand Master found it necessary to reduce the country outside the fortifications to the desolation of a desert. The springs were hidden or filled up, and everything in the shape of food or fodder was carried into the city. No detail of importance escaped the vigilance and care of d'Aubusson. His own lofty feelings he knew how to communicate to his Knights.

He wrote to those who lived in the commanderies of the Order throughout Europe, and summoned them, in virtue of the solemn vows which they had made to God, to hasten to the succour of the Order. "It is your mother," he said, "that calls to you for aid; shall you abandon her to barbarian rage and insult, despite the nobility, piety, and heroism of your profession?" He exhorted those around him to confidence in the protection of Heaven, and bade them remember that they were soldiers of Christ, fighting for the honour of His Name, and in defence of the Church which He had founded. Christ Himself would lead them in the contest, and victory, in so holy a cause, was certain.

On the 23rd May, 1480, the immense fleet of the Turks cast anchor close to the shores of Rhodes. It comprised one hundred and sixty large ships, and a vast number of galleys and transports. As the Knights were unable to oppose the landing, the troops were disembarked, under the protection of a heavy fire. The city of Rhodes, built on the side of a hill facing the sea, had two ports, which were defended by strong towers, while it was strengthened elsewhere with a deep and wide ditch and a double wall. The artillery of the Turks—about 4000 cannon—included heavy guns, capable of discharging balls of flint and marble nine palms in diameter. The cannonade was kept up without intermission for days together. Nine flanking towers of the city wall were overthrown, and whole streets reduced to heaps of ruins. To the joy of the Turks, Fort St. Nicholas, which protected the mole defending the larger port, was destroyed; but in the midst of its ruins the Knights constructed a skilfully-planned fortification, due to the engineering talent of d'Aubusson, and this they valiantly and successfully held against several furious assaults, in which the Turks lost large numbers. Wherever the danger was greatest, d'Aubusson was conspicuous in his golden armour, and his presence inspired his troops with confidence and courage.

The failure of those first attempts led the Turkish General, Mesih Pasha (some historians state that he was a renegade Christian, and a member of the Imperial family of Greece), to adopt the plan of a night attack.

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A floating bridge, which he had constructed, enabled the Turks to advance to the mole which connected Fort St. Nicholas with the mainland. The troops marched in silence through the darkness to the foot of the fort, and as no noise was made by the defenders, they expected an easy victory. But the Christians were upon the watch, and at the Grand Master's signal, a very tempest of fire from cannon and muskets burst forth, and carried terror and dismay into the Turkish ranks. Fire ships attacked the enemies' galleys, and on the mole and at the fort the combat was maintained by both sides with fury and determination. Again and again the Turks rushed forward to take the fortifications, but d'Aubusson and his gallant Knights fought with invincible valour, and foiled all their efforts. When day dawned Mesih Pasha beheld the sea and beach covered with Turkish dead and dying, and d'Aubusson brought his cannon to bear on the floating bridge, covered with troops, and destroyed it. By ten o'clock the rout of the enemy became general. The infidels lost 2500 men, and among the slain was Ibrahim Bey, the Sultan's son-in-law. The loss of the Christians was heavy, and twelve of the Knights were killed. Unable to take the fort, the enemy resolved to assault the town itself. Battering it with their huge guns till it became little better than heaps of stones, they attacked the Jewish quarter, which they regarded as the weakest point. At sunrise on the 27th July, a mortar was fired as a signal, and the vanguard of the infidel

host, with a sudden and rapid rush, scaled the ramparts, on which they planted their standard. They were 2000 in number, while the rest of the army advanced to support them. The Grand Master said to his Knights: "Come, my brothers, let us fight for the faith and for Rhodes, or be buried under the ruins." With his comrades and soldiers he at once assaulted the Moslem vanguard, and a combat of two hours' duration took place. The infidels showered heavy stones on all who sought to climb the ramparts. Several Knights were crushed to death. D'Aubusson himself was twice flung from the top; but, though covered with wounds, he returned to the fight, and at last, after a desperate struggle, the Christians succeeded in taking the position. The bravest of the Moslem troops tried to reach the Grand Master to kill or capture him. He defended himself with determined valour, and his Knights, making a superhuman effort, delivered him, and put his assailants to flight. Terror spread rapidly through the Turkish host, and a complete rout succeeded. Mesih Pasha himself was compelled to fly, with the loss of 3500 slain. He abandoned all hope of taking Rhodes, and, embarking his troops a few days afterwards, he quitted the island. During the three months of the siege 9000 Turks were slain, and 15,000 wounded.

D'Aubusson had received so many wounds that he was carried by his Knights off the field of battle, and there was apparently but little hope of saving his life. But, at last, to

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the joy of all his subjects, he recovered; and his first act subsequently was to attend a solemn thanksgiving in the great Church of St. John, for the signal victory accorded by the Most High to the Christian troops.

The year 1520 witnessed the enthronement of the greatest of the Ottoman Sultans, Solyman the Magnificent. The new ruler resolved to destroy the two bulwarks of his Christian foes, the Hungarian fortress of Belgrade and the city of Rhodes. Despite a gallant defence, Belgrade capitulated on the 29th August, 1521. In the following year, on the 26th June, a Turkish fleet of 300 sail, having on board 10,000 chosen troops, appeared before Rhodes, while an army of 100,000 men advanced along the mainland of Asia Minor. It is said that the number that finally assembled under Solyman himself, and took part in the siege, reached the total of 200,000. Rhodes had but 6000 men to defend her. For nearly six months the Knights, led by their illustrious Grand Master, Philip Villiers de L'Isle Adam, maintained the unequal struggle, and the Turks lost in fight and from disease 90,000 men. The Knights looked in vain for help from the Christian sovereigns, and, finding themselves reduced to a scanty number, and betrayed by secret treachery, they agreed to generous terms offered by Solyman. On Christmas Day, 1522, the Turks took possession of Rhodes.

On the 1st January, 1523, the survivors of the Order, which had ruled in Rhodes as an independent sovereign power for two hundred

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and fifteen years, sailed from the island in search of a new home. United in misfortune, they were united also in love and hope, and they might well have exclaimed in the words of Shakespeare's hero, Henry V., on the eve of the battle of Agincourt, "We few, we happy few, we band of brothers."

They accepted an offer made by the Emperor Charles V., who was willing to give them Malta. They agreed to his terms, and on the 20th October, 1530, they took possession of the island. Vowed as they were to the defence of the Christian name, they soon made their power felt by the Turks, and Solyman resolved to attack them in their new abode.

On the 18th May, 1565, the Turkish fleet, carrying an army of 30,000 men, the flower of the Ottoman forces, arrived at Malta and sailed round the island to choose the most eligible spot for landing. The Christian force did not exceed 9000, and this total included 700 Knights. Among the latter was one Englishman, Sir Oliver Starkey: Elizabeth was then sovereign of England. The Grand Master who was called upon to meet this fresh attack was John Parisot de la Valette, a Knight distinguished for virtue, sagacity, and valour.

On the north-east coast of Malta were two harbours. The larger, called the Great Port, was separated from the other, Port Musiette, by a rocky tongue of land, at the extremity of which stood the strong castle of St. Elmo.

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This fortress was defended on three sides by the sea, and the approach from the land was secured by means of a deep ditch and strong works devised by the engineering skill of La Valette and his Knights. Within the Great Port were two strong castles. Around one of them, that of St. Angelo, clustered the small town, called the "Borgo" ("Burgh"), where the Knights resided. The other fort was known as the Castle of St. Michael. Between these two fortifications the navy of the Order was moored. Before the struggle began, the Grand Master addressed his troops. He said: "Comrades, the barbarians who attack us are the enemies of Jesus Christ, and this contest is to decide whether the Gospel or the Koran shall triumph. God now calls upon us for those lives which we have vowed to His service. Happy all who shall offer Him this sacrifice." He then proceeded to the church, and there, with his Knights and soldiers, prepared by the worthy reception of the Sacrament for what was in their eyes, in truth, a holy war. They stood forth, the forlorn hope of Christendom, a little army of martyrs, who were making a willing sacrifice of their lives for the cause of Jesus Christ. As the fort of St. Elmo was the key of the defences, Mustapha, the Turkish commander, attacked it with artillery. Masses of iron, and the enormous balls of marble with which the Knights had become acquainted in Rhodes, were hurled unceasingly against the walls. The attack lasted from the 24th May to the 3rd June. The garrison, including Knights and

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soldiers, consisted of 400 men; they suffered from the cannonade, and the outer fortifications gradually crumbled under the tempest of fire. La Valette found it necessary to send reinforcements from the "borgo" under cover of the night. On St. Elmo's Day, 3rd June, the Turks advanced with such impetuosity to the assault that they gained possession of the outer ravelin, and, despite the gallant defence of the Christian guard, they penetrated to the fort itself. But the Knights opposed an impenetrable barrier to their advance, and after a desperate struggle drove them back to the ravelin. The enemy, reinforced by fresh troops made a determined effort to storm the fortress, but the ladders proved to be too short, and the Christians, by volleys of musketry which at such close quarters did terrible execution, by wild fire, rocks and missiles of all kinds opposed a resistance that could not be withstood. The Turks were dashed down upon the rocks, and the ditch under the fortress wall was filled with a mass of maimed and bleeding forms, of dying and dead. Finally, the Knights sallied from the Castle, and drove the Turks back to their trenches. However, the outworks remained in the hands of the enemy.

Just as this period of the siege the noted corsair, Dragut, Pasha of Tripoli, arrived with large reinforcements, and received an enthusiastic welcome from the infidels. By his advice, additional batteries were opened from commanding points, and all the Turkish artillery united in pouring a tempest of iron and stone upon the unprotected walls of St. Elmo,

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which stood above the clouds of smoke like the trunk of a giant oak shorn of leaves and branches. In the meantime, some of the younger Knights stationed at the fort chafed at the necessity of remaining idle to be thus shot at, and clamoured to be led against the enemy, or else to be allowed to retire to the borgo, as St. Elmo was no longer tenable. La Valette replied that he would send men to replace them, and bring them to the town, where they could abide in safety. This reply put them upon their honour, and filled them with shame. They humbly entreated to be allowed to remain and fight on. La Valette, satisfied with giving them a well-merited lesson, granted their request. He took care, however, to throw fresh troops and ammunition from time to time into the beleaguered fortress.

At last, a yawning breach was opened in the castle wall, and on the 16th June a fresh assault took place. The Turkish ships opened fire from the sea, the land batteries co-operated, and the best troops in the Turkish army advanced rapidly along the land to attack the breach. The artillery of the fort and the guns of St. Angelo opened upon the approaching enemy. The vanguard lost heavily, and though the column tottered under the fire that smote it in front and flank, it kept steadily on, and flung itself upon the breach. There the Turks were met after their exhausting march by the Christian soldiers, who came fresh to the fight. They were driven back, and large numbers fell never to rise again. Reinforcements arrived, and the Knights, greatly out-

numbered, began to retire. It was a terrific struggle. The chosen warriors of the Moslem host were pitted against the bravest Knights of Christendom. The fight lasted till the hot summer sun of noonday beat down upon the heads of the toiling combatants. Elsewhere two attempts in different quarters were made to scale the walls, and were nearly successful, but the gunners of St. Angelo, St. Michael, and the borgo were on the alert, and with their aid the Knights beat off the assailants. Unfortunately, in the midst of the din and stress of the combat, the combustibles in the fortress took fire, and an explosion occurred, with which the whole island seemed to shake. A dense cloud of smoke rose and hung above St. Elmo. The Turks renewed their efforts, but the heroic garrison, though now reduced to a fourth of their number, still baffled all their efforts, and Mustapha sullenly gave the order to retreat. The Christians lost 300 men, 17 of whom were Knights. The Turkish loss was said to be over 2000 slain, and among those mortally wounded was Dragut, who died soon afterwards.

The Turkish general now saw that if he was to succeed in reducing St. Elmo, he must cut off its communication with the borgo. This he proceeded to do, and on the 18th June the line of entrenchments was completed. The Castle was thus isolated, and on the eve of the 24th June, St. John's Day, the Turkish host advanced once more upon the little band of Christian heroes. For four long hours the Knights fought and successfully resisted three

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assaults, till their ammunition began to fail. Only sixty men were now alive, but they fought with such determined valour that they forced the Turks to retire for a time. At last, their hour was come. The enemy returned in such overwhelming numbers that resistance became a sheer impossibility. Twelve of the Knights retreated to the chapel, but, seeing that the Turks were giving no quarter, they charged upon their foes, and all perished together. Five Maltese soldiers escaped by swimming across the harbour, and nine Knights who were posted at the end of the fosse, near Dragut's men, surrendered to those corsairs. Those were the sole survivors. Mustapha revenged himself with fiendish cruelty on some wounded Knights; he tore out their hearts and fastened them to crosses. After the taking of the Castle, he said: "If the child (St. Elmo) has cost me eight thousand of my bravest troops, what will the parent (the borgo) cost?"

St. Elmo fell, but the resistance offered by it consumed precious time, discouraged the Turks, and enabled the Viceroy of Sicily to send long-promised succour. Victory remained with the Christians, and when the baffled Mustapha sailed from Malta with the remnants of his army, he left behind him more than thirty thousand of his bravest troops, buried in the soil they could not conquer. As the borgo was now little better than heaps of ruin, La Valette built a new city on the promontory of St. Elmo, and it has most appropriately been called after its founder, and

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is known as Valetta. The Knights held possession of Malta as a sovereign power for over two centuries and a half. They were forced to yield to the arms of Napoleon I., and the island was some years later taken from France by Great Britain. During the six centuries of their existence, the Knights of St. John preserved unimpaired the spirit of their institute as a Religious Order, and they have left to the world the memory of heroic self-sacrifice and devotion in defence of the honour of Christ Our Saviour, and of the faith that He has established for the salvation of the world.

## SOCIAL TALL TALK.

I have sometimes been brought into contact with people whose conversation is florid and imposing—transcendentalists, who soar above the commonplace, and deal only in the superlative and the unapproachable. In seasons of solitude and silence, which with all of us are, alas! too few and brief, memory reproaches them with past mistakes and delinquencies ; but when they begin to talk, they are other men—failure and defeat they have never known. The excitement of conversation, the stimulus of vanity, and the prospect of fame (that last infirmity of noble minds), with the eagerness to outshine competitors, lead them to spurn the bounds of actual experience and mere truth. They embellish, they exert their imagination, they idealise, and they succeed not seldom in making themselves ridiculous.

When I think of those men, who, indeed, in the spending of money and the other practical details of life show no lack of common sense, I am conscious of a mild wonder, and, casting about for an explanation of their hardihood and brilliancy in conversation, I try to enter into their thoughts and examine their point of view. I am slow to believe that they are liars, or that they have even a wish to deceive, and the best conjecture that I can form of their mental state represents them as

excited and dazzled in the presence of listeners, and influenced by a spurious kind of inspiration. Like orators who soar as if on eagle's wings, they amplify and burst into flowers of rhetoric, and perorate, and would be astonished if anyone accused them of deliberate lying. It is not their fault (no more than it is an orator's) if the listener is deceived. When from their treasures they bring forth things easy of comprehension, they feel that they confer a benefit, and that it is none of their business to provide an intellect that shall save hearers from error. And, no doubt, in their use of the rhetorical figure of exaggeration, which, according to its definition, is "an elegant surpassing of the truth" (*Cicero De Oratore*), it is sometimes easy to discount their assertions, as when a Gascon, hearing his fellow-soldiers talking of their warlike deeds, said: "I would have ye know that the mattress I sleep on is stuffed with the whiskers of those whom I slew in fair fight." But skilful manipulators of verbiage shun such manifest excess, and yet know how to convey the impression that they are cleverer, stronger, handsomer, or in some other important respect more admirable than their fellows. Praise is sweet—yea, too sweet, for the desire of it leads them, despite their cunning, into many a pitfall.

An acquaintance of mine, Isaac Onstilts, Esq., is a case in point. Vaulting ambition, which so often o'erleaps itself, is one of Isaac's infirmities. His conviction that the world is full of fools he does not hesitate to affirm with loud emphasis, and the rustics of the village

near which he lives look up to him with respect and admiration. For he is none of those insignificant and poor-spirited folk, whose diction is mean and pointless, and whose whole career, from the cradle to the grave, is flat and barren, without honour to themselves and without profit to the human race; in the sonorous phraseology of his favourite author, Dr. Johnson, he sets forth his exploits and opinions, and is not deterred by any squeamish modesty from painting himself as he is, a successful man unspoiled by prosperity. At the seaport to which he migrates for a month every summer, he throws out his chest, and walks in the middle of the road, the whole width of which seems scarce large enough for his swaying arms and majestic stride, and people ask who he is. The street arabs keep out of his way. Once, when he reproved them for *expectorating* on the side-path, a youngling of the tribe inquired: "Say, Bill, what's that, 'pectoratin'?" "Oh, nothin' but just spit." "Why don't he say so?" "Cause the yokel don't know no better." During an evening walk he saw a crowd running, and he caught hold of a small boy: "What is it? Is it a conflagration?" The urchin gave him a puzzled look and broke from his grasp, shouting: "No, no, 'tis a fire!"

The clergyman with whom Onstilts converses he convicts of want of knowledge of the world and even of mistaken views on certain points of theology and practical morality. To military men he has revealed secrets of engineering, quoting Vauban as his authority,

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and he expatiates on the strategy of Napoleon and Von Moltke, which he studied when viewing, as a Cook's tourist, the famous battlefields of the Continent. The good stories of the Duke of A and the Marquis of B, his particular friends, he retells for the benefit of ordinary people, while a passing allusion is made to the eminent public men who button-hole him to ask his advice, and find out the trend of opinion in his county. I abstain from referring to literary and artistic topics, on which he is an acknowledged authority, and shall merely mention the anecdote (I look on it as both ill-founded and ill-natured) that a great living painter, hearing him discourse on the masterpieces of Rubens, Murillo, and Raphael, exclaimed in a loud aside: "Lord, what a fool!" Such is Isaac Onstilts, so loud, so big-hearted, so superior, and so irrepressible, that "I cannot speak him home."

It is proverbially easy to see the mote in another's eye, but I ask myself, conscience-stricken, is there any beam in my own? Can I recall, without a blush, certain tall talk indulged in as a boy, a youth, a man? Verily, I bow my head in confusion, and resolve to be blameless in this particular for the rest of my days.

And thou, dear reader, let me ask it in all gentleness, hast thou never narrated thy feats of agility and strength, thy exploits as a horseman, an angler, a swimmer? Hast thou buried in silence the football goals which thou hast kicked, or that "century not out," with which thou wert credited in a famous cricket

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match; or, perhaps, the "hat trick," which stamped thee as "the" bowler of a season? Is there aught with which thou canst reproach thyself in connection with music, or literary success, or social standing, or thy genealogical tree? But I stay my hand; for thou needest not my help, I am sure, in the salutary exercise, often by thee worthily gone through, of examining thy conscience; thou hast set the house of thy spirit in order, and the dust of the land of tall talk has been shaken from thy feet. Thine is the wisdom of the Germanic proverb, "Who says little has little to answer for," and thou takest to thy heart the advice of the Spanish saw, "no flies can get into a shut mouth."

St. Thomas Aquinas devotes a brief section of his *Summa* to boasting or tall talk, which he terms *jactantia Jactantia*, he says, is directly opposed to truth "per excessum," and springs usually from vanity or the desire of vain-glory.\* Yet what would be in ordinary circumstances unjustifiable exaggeration, or boasting, is in the case of some individuals but the statement of an undoubted fact. When Giotto, with a sweep of his hand, draws a circle, or Michael Angelo produces a master-

\*Sometimes it may be occasioned, he explains, by the hope of material gain, as when lawyers and physicians boast of their attainments and successes. Advertisements of patent medicines must be referred to the same category. As well as the following inscription in glaring letters on the signboard outside a diminutive shop in a New York cellar: "Great International and Trans-Continental Umbrella and Walking Stick Emporium."

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piece, either may say with truth, "It cannot be better done." The conscious possession of special power is not opposed to modesty, and, where singular talents are bestowed, it would be wrong to bury them, and so, from sloth or diffidence, make them useless to the world.

We are all liable to illusion with respect to ourselves; and a gentle and charitable judgment of extravagant language will take us nearer to the truth than will a mocking and cynical condemnation of the speaker. All through life fancy and self-love play us scurvy tricks in the views which they persuade us to entertain of our abilities, virtues, and faults, and we often hold with sincerity opinions on such personal points, which clear-sighted friends know to be mere delusion. Yet it is surely our duty to free ourselves, as far as possible, from fog of mind, and cultivate self-restraint, candour, and truthfulness. Social virtues of this character are the bonds that unite civilised men and create the confidence which is essential to trustworthy dealings with one another. Nor is it necessary that we should believe that the commonplace in speech and conduct is the only form of truth, or lies nearest the truth. To man, owning, as he does, an imperishable spirit, life and its belongings can never be wholly commonplace. The reflecting and enlightened mind regards the earth as a wonderland, where

We live by Admiration, Hope, and Love.

Is it not the simple truth that in the sunshine and the beauty of this world of ours, in the kindly change of day and night, in the

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succession of the seasons, in all the marvels of power and wisdom that we see around us, we behold the tokens of a Father's love? A truth of this nature enlarges our views, and impels us to cherish lofty ideals of veracity, courage, and nobleness of soul.

Those love truth best who to themselves are true,  
And what they dare to dream of, dare to do.

Sincerity and unselfishness, hopefulness and energy, industry and perseverance—all of us can, if we maintain a resolute will, become possessed of those qualities, with Heaven's help, and exercise by means of them a beneficent influence on the lives of others and the welfare of our country.

## FOREIGN PROVERBS.

I have often wondered why we suffer our minds to become a channel for the flood of verbiage that issues from the daily press. The stone yields to the constant waterdrop, and most intellects nowadays have lost the faculty of independent and original thought. Verily, our generation is journalist-ridden. To our greed for reading there is no limit, but it is too troublesome to think; and our opinions, if we have any, are those which the leading article presents to us ready-made. The real news of a morning journal may be read in ten minutes, and what is there, in addition, worth spending time on? I have found it a profitable plan to stand while reading the newspaper; one can thus pick up quickly the items of importance and save valuable time.

When I am wearied with literary self-sufficiency and clap-trap, I seek relief in the old books that last for all time, the works which, no matter how often read, give pleasure that is fresh and new. I like to taste and relish the stores of proved wisdom that comes to us out of the past; and I can take in my hand even a book of proverbs, and find in its pages a fund of entertainment, to say nothing of instruction, which it would be useless to seek in modern society magazines and comic papers. I rise from the perusal with my whole being invigorated, and my dip into the volume

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is as refreshing as a plunge in the glittering sea-waves on a day in midsummer.

At this moment I have on my table *A Polyglot of Foreign Proverbs*, which I bought long ago for a few pence at a book auction. In it seven tongues are represented—French, German, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Dutch, and Danish; and it is curious to observe, when the same proverb is common to several nations, how in one language it sometimes undergoes a change that shows wider experience, keener observation, or deeper knowledge of human nature. Thus, the well-known saying, “A new broom sweeps clean,” appears in nearly the same form in Italian, German, Dutch, and Danish; but the Italians express it also in this quaint guise: *Granata nuova, tre di buono*—“A new broom is good for three days.” Just think, reader, of that phrase, *tre di*, “three days.” Have you not seen many a practical illustration of it during your life? A mistress gets a new housemaid or “general,” who labours at first with splendid industry, but ends by giving way to habitual indolence. She was “good for three days.” A man is appointed for the first time to a high office. The new broom sets energetically to work, and every corner or recess undergoes a keen investigation and a thorough cleansing; but, alas! there is subsequently a sad lack of perseverance. A statesman has ousted his rival from power, and makes his bow to the public as the new Minister—but why multiply instances? How often have we found that the broom is good for just three days, three weeks, or three months!

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But the Italians were the only people to seize upon that bit of experience and stereotype it for ever as a proverb.

Every language abounds with witticisms on feminine faults; but the fair sex may allege that sayings which plainly owe their origin to the men would have assumed a different character had the making of them been intrusted to the women. The Germans say, quaintly, *Ein Weib mit vielfaltigem Rock hat einfältigen Kopf*—"A woman strong in flounces is weak in the head." The French vary the saying thus: *Femme sotte se cognoit a la cotte*—"A foolish woman is known by her finery;" and, again, *Femme qui beaucoup se mire peu file*—"A woman who looks often in the glass spins but little." The French saw, *La langue des femmes est leur epee, et elles ne la laissent pas rouiller*—"A woman's tongue is her sword, and she does not let it rust"—takes this form among the Italians:

*In quella casa e poca pace  
Dove gallina canta e gallo tace:*

"There is little peace in that house where the hen crows and the cock is silent." A Danish proverb does not hesitate to affirm, *Ond Qvinde er Fandens Dornagle*—"An ill-tempered woman is the devil's door-nail;" and *Faa Qvinder graaner for Mandens Dod*—"Few women turn grey because their husband dies." In Italy people say, *Le donne sanno un punto piu del diavolo*—"Women know a point more than the devil."

A snatch of rhyme speaks thus of marriage:

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"Needles and pins  
Needles and pins,  
When a man marries  
His sorrow begins."

The Germans say, curtly, *Ehestand ist Wehestand*—"Matrimony is misery."

Many proverbs stigmatise idleness and gambling. In German and Dutch we have: "An idle man is the devil's bolster," "An idle brain is the devil's workshop," "Young gambler, old beggar," and "A pack of cards is the devil's prayer-book." Temperance is strongly commended, "Gluttony has killed more than the sword" (French), "Abstinence and fasting cure many a complaint" (Danish). In the following Dutch saying almost every word is English:

*Wanneer de wijn is in de man, dan is de wijsheid in de kan.*

"Whenever the wine is in the man, then is wisdom in the can."

A well-known proverb declares that a scalded cat dreads the fire. In French, Spanish, and Portuguese it is said that the scalded cat dreads even cold water.

The Dutch proverb, "An ape is an ape, though he wear a gold ring," is expressed by the Persians in these words:

*Akibat goorgzada goorg shavad,  
Garcheh ba admi boozoorg shavad :*

"The wolf-cub, though reared among men, turns out at last but a wolf." The Spaniards say that the ape, though clad in silk, remains an ape.

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The following counsels convey sprightly admonitions:—"Don't carry your head too high, the door is low" (German). "A clear conscience is a good pillow" (Italian). "From confessors, doctors and lawyers conceal not the truth of your case" (French and Spanish). "A fool is like other men as long as he is mute" (Danish). "Who says little, has little to answer for" (German). "When you throw away the contents of the baby's washtub, don't throw away the baby, too."

The Italians have a saying similar to our "there's the rub," "that's the difficulty," and they express "rub" or "difficulty" by "busillis," which is not an Italian word. An amusing story explains how they came to adopt the term. An ecclesiastical student, it is said, was asked, at an examination, to translate a passage from an old Latin manuscript, in which all the words were joined together without punctuation marks, or any hint as to how they were to be separated. He got along smoothly till he came to the simple phrase, "indiebusillis" (in those days), "Indie" appeared at the end of a line, and "bus" was transferred to the beginning of the next line, and united with "illis." Our friend rendered "indie" correctly enough, "in the day," but when he reached "busillis" he was completely puzzled. After cudgelling his brains over it for a long time, he gave up in despair the attempt to explain it, and said: "Ah! that 'busillis' is truly a point of extraordinary difficulty."

It would, I think, prove entertaining to delve in the alluvial soil of one of those diminutive

gold-fields, and see if we could unearth a nugget or two. Let us try the experiment.

The Spaniards have a striking adage, which they express thus: *A cabo de cien años todos seremos calvos*—“A hundred years hence we shall all be bald.” Or, as it runs in another form: *Antes de mil años todos seremos calvos*—“In less than a thousand years we shall all be bald.”

The originator of this saying was, I shrewdly suspect, an elderly Don, whose poll was as bare as a billiard ball. Perhaps he wished to garner some comfort from the fact that everybody would at last share what he considered his ill-luck, and so, taking the cigar from his lips, he said, with a smile and a shrug—“Oh, we shall all of us be bald in a hundred years.”

The truth of the adage cannot be gainsaid; a proof of it it to be found in every churchyard skull, but the consolation which it afforded our Spanish friend was at best cold comfort, and a little reflection might have revealed to him much better reasons for accepting with resignation the loss of his hair. The advantages of baldness are not to be despised. First, in hot weather a bald head is cool, and its owner belongs to the more patient, tranquil, and sagacious part of the human race. Secondly, the possessor of golden locks is inspired with terror by the advent of grey hairs. This fear torments not him who is completely bald. Nor is he harassed with the anxiety and the expense of providing dye-stuff of the proper hue. Thirdly, fashionable young men suffer, not infrequently, from insomnia,

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induced by too great activity of mind in deciding whether they should divide the hair in the middle or at the side. The bald sleep soundly, and they need neither physicians nor sleeping draughts. Fourthly, a bald man is independent of the monthly hairdresser, and with the twelve shillings thus saved he can, if he wishes, purchase cigars. And, fifthly, he is not under the necessity, when setting out on a journey, of solving the problem, how he is to get combs, brushes, and hair-oil into a bursting travelling-bag.\*

“Bald”—the word itself merits a brief note. The lexicographer informs us that it comes from the Gaelic *bal*, a spot, and means “marked with a white spot,” because, I suppose, baldness begins by being a snowy oasis in a Sahara of hair. “Bald” was originally written “balled,” as the past participle of “to ball,” which, according to some authorities, signifies

\*Science advances ever to fresh triumphs, which, admirable as they are in themselves, merit still higher praise when they fortify the human frame against the attacks of disease. Many persons are done to death every year by consumption. What a blessing it would be to feel assured of immunity from its ravages, and this immunity the bald-headed can confidently claim! “There is one satisfaction a bald-headed man can have,” says an eminent American physician, “and that is that there are hundreds of chances in his favour that he will never die of consumption. There seems to be some kind of connection between bald heads and sound lungs. If a man is prematurely bald it shows that there is something abnormal with him, but it does not show that there is any trouble with his lungs. Indeed, it shows that his lungs are all right.”

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"to reduce to the roundness and smoothness of a ball by the loss of hair." Chaucer sings:

"His head was balled and shone as any glass."

Some years ago, when there was much talk of signalling to the inhabitants of Mars, the enterprising owner of a telescope set up the instrument at the intersection of two crowded city streets, and promised "A peep at Mars for a penny." A woman paid her penny, and, on seeing Mars, cried out: "Oh, how white and round and shining it is!" The telescope man looked up quickly, and said, in an orotund tone of remonstrance: "Will the gentleman with the bald head kindly stand away from the other end, and allow the lady to get a look at the planet Mars?" The crowd laughed, and he whose head "was balled and shone as any glass" obeyed.

Whatever was the origin of the Spanish adage, people adopted the saying, and by constant use made it a proverb. Doubtless, they found it somewhat of a help in bearing patiently the worries that beset daily life. It is strange that irreparable afflictions, such as blindness and deafness, are supported with equanimity by those who will often fret and fume over small aches and troubles. Petty annoyances cast them into nervous agitation, while great crosses impart peace. So boats that lie in the shallow near the shore are much tossed by the waves, but ships, anchored in deep waters, are, comparatively, at rest.

Patience amidst the ills of life is a virtue which we neglect ourselves, but recommend

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earnestly to our friends. "Pashuns," says Josh Billings, "is like castor ile. It is one thing to prescribe it; it is another thing to take it." Yet it contributes much to the happiness of life, and a wise man, who makes strenuous efforts to acquire self-restraint, is helped by the thought that misfortunes are cured, or made more bearable, by the mere passage of time. Why should I lose my temper, he says, because this provoking mishap has befallen men? Five or ten years hence it will be of little consequence. It is just in this way that our Spanish friends extract patience and courage from their proverb: *A cabo de cien años todos seremos calvos.*

But reason points to nobler motives, and urges us to practise patience with a magnanimous spirit. Sweet, we are admonished, are the uses of adversity. In the crucible of affliction the soul is purged of dross and becomes pure gold.

"By woe the soul to daring action swells;  
By woe in plaintless patience it excels;  
From patience, prudent, clear experience springs,  
And traces knowledge through the course of things.  
Thence hope is formed, thence fortitude, success,  
Renown: whate'er men covet and caress."

In the poems of George Wither the same truth is arrayed in a different and better garb.

"Till from the straw the flail the corn doth beat,  
Until the chaff be purged from the wheat,  
Yea, till the mill the grains in pieces tear,  
The richness of the flour will scarce appear.  
So, till men's persons great afflictions touch,  
If worth be found, their worth is not so much,  
Because, like wheat in straw, they have not yet  
That value which in threshing they may get.

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For till the bruising flails of God's corrections  
Have threshed out of us our vain affections;

Yea, till His flail upon us He doth lay,  
To thresh the husk of this our flesh away,  
And leave the soul uncovered; nay, yet more,  
Till God shall make our very spirit poor,  
We shall not up to highest wealth aspire;  
But then we shall; and that is my desire."

The majority of men act upon the principle of seeking pleasure and shunning pain, and this principle, followed in opposition to reason's dictates, is the cause of nearly all the unhappiness that spoils their lives. Far better would it be for heart's ease and enjoyment to withstand the fear of what is disagreeable and accept life's bitters with courage. If by fleeing sorrow we could escape it, there would be a reason for seeking flight. But all through life sorrow is our companion, and it is wise to fling away anxiety and dread, and welcome affliction for the precious blessings which it confers. Aubrey de Vere counsels us, in one of his sonnets, to look on each affliction as a messenger from God and to receive him with courtesy, without "cloud of passion," or "wave of mortal tumult."

Grief should be,  
Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate;  
Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free;  
Strong to consume small troubles; to command  
Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting to  
the end."

Before concluding I wish to guard against a possible misapprehension. In setting forth, as I have done above, the advantages of baldness, I do not aim at inspiring my readers with an

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inordinate longing for the loss of their hair; nor do I believe that any of them would go as far as to adopt expedients for bringing on premature decay in the natural covering of the head. It is true that I saw some time ago a glowing advertisement of a method "for the removal of superfluous hairs;" but I have no intention to reveal the name and address of the advertiser, and if I were acquainted with his method, I should keep the knowledge buried in the recesses of my breast. Nor do I feel tempted to give particulars of a certain "hair-restorer," the inventor of which refused to accept the following testimonial: "I used to have three bald spots on the top of my head, but since using one bottle of your hair-restorer, I have only one."

Has nature, reader, hung round thy temples abundant and curling locks? Be content with thy state. Sigh not for the coolness, the refreshment, the blessedness of the "balled" head. The Spanish proverb promises that thou shalt—at some time or other—be blessed. If thy comb, in its passage through thy troublesome "chevelure," begins to gather a goodly harvest of "superfluous hairs," thy heart may expand with hope; the golden time is approaching, and soon, very soon, thy reverend pate will be as cool, and as bare, and as shining as a polished hemisphere of marble.

## IN THE DAYS OF YOUTH.

In the castles of romance there was a room in which I felt, in youth, a special interest. It was the picture gallery, the spot that witnessed the perambulations of the ghost, whose apparition at the dead noon of night filled the living with awe and terror. Yet not the ghost only, but the pictures themselves, were enough to excite unwonted sensations, and send me into a fit of pleasant musing—pictures of knights in armour, of fair dames and damsels, and representations of scenes or events connected with the family history. With so many heroes and heroines in view, it was not difficult for the imagination to weave a tale of high emprise and of love faithful for evermore.

Such a gallery is memory, on whose walls hangs many a painting, the undying record of past events. It is said that the memory never loses what has once been lodged in it; and, however obscured or forgotten may be the details of former occurrences, a time will arrive when that gallery shall be rehung with all its pictures, and not even the least or the ugliest but shall be assigned its proper place.

"Of this I feel assured," says De Quincey, "that there is no such thing as 'forgetting' possible to the mind: a thousand accidents may, and will, interpose a veil between our present consciousness and the secret inscriptions on the mind. Accidents of the same sort

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will also rend away this veil ; but alike, whether veiled or unveiled, the inscription remains for ever, just as the stars seem to withdraw before the common light of day, whereas, in fact, we all know that it is the light which is drawn over them as a veil ; and that they are waiting to be revealed, when the obscuring daylight shall have withdrawn.”\*

The most pleasant inscriptions on the mind are those which remind us of our youth.

What days were ours when the heart was young, and cherished pure ideals, and beat with the pulse of poesy natural to the spring-time of life ! Even when we reach the autumn or the winter of our years, the thought of home and of our youth is an unfailing source of pensive pleasure. For youth was a time of sailing clouds and golden sunsets, of flowers and scented meads and forest glades, of singing birds and the other wild things of Nature, of lakes and islands and rushing streams ; a time that rang with the voices (we hear them still) of playmates and true-hearted comrades, and of all we loved ; a time when the merest trifle, the sight of a rainbow or of a bird on the wing, or the breath of perfume from a hill or a moor, thrilled us with joy that broke into a shout or a song, and the wide earth seemed not the rough, material world it is, but “an unsubstantial faery place,” the abode of warmth and light and gladness. One can sympathise with Robert Louis Stevenson, when, recalling a day on which he sailed in his boyhood among

(\*Confessions of an “Opium Eater.”)

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the Hebrides, he exclaims, in one of his ballads :—

Give me again all that was there,  
    Give me the sun that shone;  
Give me the eyes give me the soul,  
    Give me the lad that's gone.  
Billow and breeze, islands and seas,  
    Mountains of rain and sun;  
All that was good, all that was fair,  
    All that was me is gone.

It is true that we may regret “the lad that is gone”; but if we still retain something of his bright and brave spirit, and value the memories of the Eden in which he lived, and keep in view the unselfish aspirations that thrilled his heart in the morning of life, we have not wholly lost him. He still lives on, and justifies to some degree the illusion that haunted him in youth that he should never die. For then it seemed to him that, like Nature herself, he was immortal, such was his vitality and vigour. “Life is indeed a strange gift,” says Hazlitt, “and its privileges are most mysterious. No wonder when it is first granted to us, that our gratitude, our admiration, and our delight, should prevent us from reflecting on our own nothingness or from thinking it will ever be recalled. Our first and strongest impressions are borrowed from the mighty scene that is opened to us, and we unconsciously transfer its durability as well as its splendour to ourselves.”

The world of Nature is not the only world to which we are introduced in early years; we are admitted into another, bestowing some of life’s keenest pleasures—the world of books.

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The first books that fell into my hands were cheap copies of "Jack the Giant-Killer," "Little Red Riding Hood," "Jack and the Beanstalk," and some of the tales from "The Arabian Nights." Those veracious histories glowed with brightly-tinted paper covers, and there was a rough wood-cut on nearly every page. My first acquaintance with an English classic is the subject of one of memory's earliest pictures, which represents a small boy standing before a bookseller's shelves, in the presence of his schoolmaster and the shopman. The lad had been given, as a school prize, Bunyan's "Pilgrim Progress," but this book his parents had condemned as "too Protestant," and he had returned it to his teacher. The latter now said to him: "Look at the shelves before you; I will give you any book you choose." The youngster hesitated. It was plainly a case of *embarras des richesses*—there were too many volumes to select from. "Is there any book you would like to read?" "Yes; 'Robinson Crusoe.'" So he was made happy with a small copy of Defoe's famous story. I cannot say how often he read it, probably half a dozen times. How he revelled in the changing scenes and stirring events of the tale! He himself, not Crusoe, was the hero of the adventures there described; he was in slavery among the Moors; he escaped in the long-boat, with Xury; and, after shooting "the terrible great lion" on the African coast, he was rescued by the Portuguese ship, and landed in the Brazils. Then came the shipwreck and the desert island where he found the print of a man's naked foot

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in the sea sand, and rescued Friday from the savages. But why go through the details?

The story was to "the lavish heart of youth" a veritable treasure, the source of varied emotions of hope and fear and delight. Yet there was another book which he read even oftener, and which exercised, doubtless, a greater influence upon his character. It was the tale of the early Christian martyrs, which Cardinal Wiseman has given us under the title of "*Fabiola: or, The Church of the Catacombs.*" The character in this story that appealed most strongly to him was the Christian youth, Pancratius, who was trained by a saintly mother to tread the highest paths of faith, fortitude and charity, and who died by martyrdom in the Roman amphitheatre. A similar work, teaching the same sublime lessons—Cardinal Newman's "*Callista*"—he also read, but as it is, in treatment and plan, nothing more than a sketch, it did not interest him to the same extent as Cardinal Wiseman's elaborate and artistic story.

Another of memory's pictures represents the large, gas-lit study hall of a college, where some seventy pupils (boarders) were engaged in the preparation of lessons for the morrow's classes. A few days previously carpenters had been engaged in constructing book-cases, which they set up along one side of the hall, and the shelves had been stocked with a selection of English literary works. The silence which prevailed during the hour of study was broken by the entrance of the president and the masters. From the prefect's pulpit the presi-

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dent spoke of the new school library, and announced the rules that were to be observed with respect to the books. The distribution of the volumes at once began, and each boy returned to his place with a story, a biography, or a book of poems. "Oliver Twist" and "David Copperfield" were the first of Dickens' masterpieces which I then read, and they have ever remained my favourites among his works; and it was not long until I had won my way into the "realm of gold" which Sir Walter Scott claimed as his own, and I was soon well acquainted with the adventures of Ivanhoe, Quentin Durward, Waverley, and Guy Mannering. One of the boys present on that occasion is now known as Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P. In the first number of his popular periodical, "T. P.'s Weekly," he gave a description of the opening of this school library, and said that the first book which he took from its shelves—"Chamber's Encyclopædia of English Literature"—began his education in the domain of letters. Another of our school-fellows at the college\* was the some-time Under-Secretary for Ireland, Sir Antony MacDonnell, now Lord MacDonnell.

The new library was instrumental in leading some of us into the goodly states and kingdoms, "that bards in fealty to Apollo hold." Nearly every Irish boy, I suppose, owes his first knowledge of poetry to Moore's "Melodies," and the songs of the "Spirit of the Nation." At least, so it was with one Irish lad

\*The College of the Immaculate Conception, Summerhill, near Athlone.

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already referred to, and many a time, by lonely lough or riverside, or on the seashore, he repeated to himself or recited aloud Emmet's address to Ireland, "When he who adores Thee," "Breffni's Lament," "Let Erin Remember," "Rich and Rare were the gems she Wore," "She is far from the Land," and "Dear Harp of my Country."

And the "Spirit of the Nation" songs, how they rouse and sway the young Irish heart! Perhaps the best description of the effect they produce is given by Father Tom Burke, O.P., in his lecture on "The National Music of Ireland." I may here be allowed to say that this famous priest was to me, in youth, an object of hero-worship. I had often heard him speak, and his eloquence and striking figure, clothed, as I always saw it, in the Dominican habit, inspired me with admiration, and form now an imperishable memory. The sound of his voice comes to me across the years, and I hear again the lessons which he taught—lessons which inspired hope and courage in striving after what is worthiest and highest in life. Speaking once of the success of the writers of the "Nation" in creating a national literature, he appealed to his own experience, and said: "Under the magic voices and pens of these men, every ancient glory of Ireland again stood forth. I remember it well. I was but a boy at the time, but I remember with what startled enthusiasm I would arise from reading Davis's poems; and it would seem to me that, before my young eyes, I saw the dash of the Brigade at Fontenoy. It seemed to me that

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my ears were filled with the shout that resounded at the Yellow Ford and Benburb—the war-cry of the Red Hand—as the English hosts were swept away, and, like snow under the beams of the sun, melted before the Irish onset."

Sir Walter Scott's poems gave me many a happy hour. There I found magician and goblin page, border trooper and mail-clad knight, fair ladies, moated castles, and brave adventures by field and flood. "The Lay," "Marmion," "The Lady of the Lake," were all devoured. Nothing in the shape of a chase could, I thought, beat the stag hunt in the last-named—and who shall say that the opinion was wrong?

The stag at eve had drunk his fill,  
Where danced the moon on Monan's rill,  
And deep his midnight lair had made  
In lone Glenartney's hazel shade;  
But when the sun his beacon red  
Had kindled on Benvoirlich's head,  
The deep-mouth'd bloodhound's heavy bay  
Resounded up the rocky way,  
And faint, from farther distance borne,  
Were heard the clanging hoof and horn.  
As Chief who hears his warder call,  
"To arms! the foemen storm the wall,"  
The antler'd monarch of the waste  
Sprung from his heathery couch in haste.  
But, ere his fleet career he took,  
The dewdrops from his flank he shook;  
Like crested leader, proud and high,  
Toss'd his beam'd frontlet to the sky;  
A moment gazed adown the dale,  
A moment snuff'd the tainted gale,  
A moment listen'd to the cry,  
That thicken'd as the chase drew nigh;

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Then, as the headmost foes appear'd,  
With one brave bound the copse he clear'd,  
And, stretching forward free and far,  
Sought the wild heaths of Uam-Var.

A gallant chase the stag afforded the hunters,  
till a single horseman and

Two dogs of black Saint Hubert's breed,  
Unmatch'd for courage, breath, and speed,

were all that followed the gasping quarry,  
which at last escaped in safety. The hunter's  
horse fell dead, and the rider sorrowed over  
him :—

"I little thought, when first thy rein  
I slack'd upon the banks of Seine,  
That Highland eagle e'er should feed  
On thy fleet limbs, my matchless steed!  
Woe worth the chase, woe worth the day,  
That costs thy life, my gallant grey!"

It is the fashion to speak slightly of Scott's "Rokeby," but that poem was a favourite of mine, mainly because the hero, Redmond O'Neale, is a young Irishman, and in it I found one of the poet's most stirring battle-pictures—the fight between Bertram's robber band and Rokeby's veterans led on by Redmond :—

Then cheer'd them to the fight O'Neale,  
Then peal'd the shot and clash'd the steel;  
The war-smoke soon with sable breath  
Darken'd the scene of blood and death,  
While on the few defenders close  
The Bandits, with redoubled blows,  
And twice, driven back, yet fierce and fell,  
Renew the charge with frantic yell.  
Wilfrid has fall'n—but o'er him stood  
Young Redmond, soiled with smoke and blood,  
Cheering his mates with heart and hand,  
Still to make good their desperate stand.—

## SKETCHES AND ESSAYS.

"Up, comrades, up! in Rokeby's halls  
Ne'er be it said our courage falls.  
What! faint ye for their savage cry,  
Or do the smoke-wreaths daunt your eye?  
These rafters have returned a shout  
As loud at Rokeby's wassail rout;  
As thick a smoke these hearths have given  
At Hallow-tide or Christmas-even;  
Stand to it yet! renew the fight,  
For Rokeby's and Matilda's right!  
These slaves! they dare not, hand to hand,  
Bide buffet from a true man's brand."  
Impetuous, active, fierce, and young,  
Upon the advancing foes he sprung,  
Woe to the wretch at whom is bent  
His brandish'd falchion's sheer descent!  
Backward they scatter'd as he came,  
Like wolves before the levin flame,  
When, 'mid their howling conclave driven,  
Hath glanced the thunderbolt of heaven.

And so on, until the fight is won by Redmond  
and his brave men.

Beautiful, doubtless, are the illusions and dreams of youth, fated though they are to be shattered in the collision with the realities of life; but if the young heart entertains generous aspirations and learns to sympathise with truth and fidelity and courage, with gentleness and kindness to friend and foe, it meets with a training that better fits its energies for life's combat than if it were taught to take cynical views and devote itself to the pursuit of selfish ends. In any worthy training books like those mentioned above play an important part, and all who love the young, and seek

The mind to strengthen and anneal  
While on the stithy glows the steel.

act wisely in gaining the help which such books

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afford. The true preparation for the trials of the future is found in the building up of a strong and generous character. If a man lives practically for mean and sordid views, mean and sordid, too, will be his life and the material success which he gains. For we build a home for our spirit in strict conformity with the ideals which we prize and to which we are faithful.

## OLIVER GOLDSMITH'S EARLY YEARS.

Every lover of literature loves Oliver Goldsmith, whose open and warm-hearted character is faithfully reflected in his writings. And what writings are his! So clear, so easy and unaffected, so buoyant and witty, so musical and pleasing even when read for the twentieth or the hundredth time. It is no wonder that some modern critics regard him as the first and purest of all writers of English prose. Frederick Harrison exclaims: "Dear old Goldsmith! 'there' is ease, pellucid simplicity, wit, pathos. I doubt if English prose has ever gone further, or will go further or higher." And Robert Buchanan says in "*A Poet's Sketch Book*": "Between Shakespeare and Dickens, only one humorist of the truly divine sort rose, fluted magically for a moment, and passed away, leaving the Primrose family as his legacy to posterity."

I came across some time since an interesting volume on Goldsmith's school-boy days: "*The Early Haunts of Oliver Goldsmith*. By J. J. Kelly, D.D., M.R.I.A., Athlone." This book throws considerable light upon an obscure part of the poet's life, and forms an important addition to the bibliography of his career and writings. As I turned the pages, I was transported in spirit to the scenes there described and pictured; for, born and reared in the Goldsmith country, I spent in youth, as did Oliver himself, many happy days wandering upon the

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banks of the Shannon, and boating among the wooded islands, that glow like emeralds set in silver amidst the waters of Lough Ree, the lake which the great river enters a short distance from the town of Athlone.

The Latin epitaph written by Johnson for Goldsmith's grave states that the poet was born at Pallas, in the County of Longford, Ireland. The author of the "Early Haunts" proves conclusively that in this point Johnson erred, and that Goldsmith was born at Elphin, in the County of Roscommon; he points out also that the date of Oliver's birth was 1728. not, as stated in the epitaph, 1731. Oliver's father, the Rev. Charles Goldsmith, lived at Pallas, in Longford, "passing rich with forty pounds a year"; but Mrs. Goldsmith paid a visit, shortly before her confinement, to her mother's house in the neighbouring town of Elphin, and there, on the 10th November, 1728. she was delivered of a son, who was called Oliver, after his maternal grandfather, under whose roof he was born.

In Oliver's second year his father removed from Pallas to Lissoy, in Westmeath. Lissoy, which is five miles from Athlone, is the original of "Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain." In after years, when living in London, Goldsmith wrote to one of his relations, who resided at Lissoy, in this strain of affectionate remembrance: "If I go to the opera, where Signora Columba pours out all the mazes of melody, I sit and sigh for Lissoy fireside, and Johnny Armstrong's 'Last Good-Night' from Peggy Golden. If I climb Hampstead

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Hill, than where Nature never exhibited a more magnificent prospect, I confess it fine, but then I had rather be placed on the little mount before Lissoy gate, and there take in, to me, the most pleasing horizon in nature."

Oliver first attended a dame's school kept by Mrs. Elizabeth Delap, who looked upon him as a dull and stupid child, and at the age of six years he became a pupil of the village schoolmaster, Tom Byrne, whose portrait is preserved for all time in "The Desereted Village."

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way  
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,  
There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,  
The village master taught his little school.  
A man severe he was, and stern to view;  
I knew him well, and every truant knew;  
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace  
The day's disasters in his morning face;  
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee  
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;  
Full well the busy whisper circling round  
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned  
Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,  
The love he bore to learning was in fault;  
The village all declared how much he knew;  
'Twas certain he could write, and cypher too;  
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,  
And e'en the story ran that he could guage;  
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill;  
For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still;  
While words of learned length and thundering sound  
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;  
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,  
That one small head could carry all he knew.

Tom Byrne had been a soldier, and had fought in the wars on the Continent, of which he had many stories to tell. He used also to

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relate tales of robbers and fairies, and from him Goldsmith caught the trick of weaving simple verses. When the boy was eight years of age, he wrote couplets that filled his mother with delight. At his uncle's, he once undertook to dance a hornpipe. The fiddler, amused at the lad's awkward figure, called him *Æsop*, and Oliver replied :

Heralds! proclaim aloud! all saying,  
See Aesop dancing and his monkey playing.

From the village school Goldsmith passed to the diocesan academy of Elphin, and on reaching his eleventh year he was sent to Athlone, where he spent two years at a High School kept by the Rev. Mr. Campbell. A lad with such a bent for rambling and adventure must have known the quaint old town and its environs well. That he strayed by the Shannon and Lough Ree (Lissoy was close to the lake, and his eldest sister, Catherine, married to Mr. Daniel Hodson, dwelt at St. John's, distant about six miles' sail across the bright waters), we may infer from the passage in his "Animated Nature," in which he says: "Those who have walked in an evening by the sedgy sides of unfrequented rivers must remember a variety of notes from different water-fowl; the loud scream of the wild goose, the croaking of the mallard, the whining of the lapwing, and the tremulous neighing of the jack-snipe. But of all those sounds there is none so dismally hollow as the booming of the bittern. . . . I remember in the place where I was a boy with what terror this bird's note affected the whole village."

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At the schools of Edgeworthstown and Ballymahon he was prepared for entrance into the University, Trinity College, Dublin. On one occasion, when going home from Edgeworthstown, at the beginning of the holidays, he rode a horse, and had a guinea in his pocket for travelling expenses. He was now sixteen years of age, and, arriving at the small town of Ardagh, he determined to play the man, and put up at the best inn. Meeting a passer-by, who proved to be a wag, he asked to be shown to the best house in the place. The private residence of a Mr. Featherstone, the richest man in the town, was pointed out. The strippling rode up to the door, ordered his horse to be well cared for, and, entering the parlour, called consequentially for a dinner, to which he invited the members of the family. The latter, perceiving his mistake, entered into the joke. Goldsmith, before retiring to rest, requested that a hot cake should be ready for his breakfast next day. In the morning, to his mortification, he discovered the error into which he had been betrayed; but Mr. Featherstone and his family, who were acquainted with Oliver's father, laughed heartily, and the lad joined shamefacedly in their merriment. This adventure he afterwards utilised in the comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer, or The Mistakes of a Night."

No author, indeed, has, to the same extent as Goldsmith, the gift of interweaving with his writings traits of his own character and the incidents of his life. The persons whom he knew, the hardships and mishaps of which he

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had so large experience, the scenes that were familiar to his early years, reappeared in his works, illumined, no doubt, with the radiance flung around them by memory, imagination, or affection. Hence, I think that Lord Macaulay is mistaken when, in his article on Goldsmith (*"Encyclopaedia Britannica"*), he alleges that discerning judges are shocked by one unpardonable fault that pervades the whole of "*The Deserted Village*." The poem, he says, is made up of incongruous parts. "The village in its happy days is a true English village. The village in its decay is an Irish village. . . . The hamlet he had probably seen in Kent; the ejectment he had probably seen in Munster; but by joining the two he has produced something which never was, and never will be, seen in any part of the world."

No one acquainted with the character of the Irish peasantry could entertain this opinion; nor could such a scene of content, gaiety, and outdoor amusement as Goldsmith describes be witnessed in Kent in the second half of the eighteenth century. Such scenes the poet often took part in on the Continent; but he assuredly never expected to meet with them in England. And Macaulay himself acknowledges as much when he says: "He rambled on foot through Flanders, France, and Switzerland, playing tunes which everywhere set the peasantry dancing, and which often procured for him a supper and a bed. . . . The wanderer landed at Dover without a shilling,

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without a friend,, and without a calling. . . . In England his flute was not in request."

In Ireland, beyond doubt, his flute would have been in request; it would have set the peasantry dancing, as it did in France, and would have secured him a hearty welcome to both board and bed.

William Hazlitt, a native of Kent (he was born at Maidstone in 1778, four years after Goldsmith's death), had an intimate knowledge of English character and customs, and in his essay, "Merry England," he dwells upon the difference between the mirth of Continental peoples and that of the English. He quotes Froissart's well-known saying, that the English amuse themselves sadly after the fashion of their country; and he says: "They ask you in France how you pass your time without amusements." "It is true," he adds, "that they (the English) do not dance and sing, but they make good cheer, 'eat, drink, and are merry.'" He acknowledges that the old-fashioned epithet, "Merry England," might be supposed to have been bestowed ironically, or on the old principle—*Ut lucus a non lucendo*. He plainly would not endorse Macaulay's assertion that the lines in "The Deserted Village" present a true picture of the customs and amusements of the English peasantry in the eighteenth century.

Let us now turn to Ireland. In my youth, not content with the reports of other tourists, I made a pilgrimage to Lissoy, the original of Auburn, and I easily identified the main physical features of the scenery with the state-

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ments in the poem. There I saw "the decent church that topp'd the neighbouring hill," the "never-failing brook," though the mill had disappeared, the bowers (I looked down upon a fair and well-wooded country), and even the old orchard and garden, where some flowers and fruit still grew—

Yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,  
And still where many a garden flower grows wild.

It is no wonder that the poet, contemplating such a scene, mirrored in an affectionate heart, should address it thus :

Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,  
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,  
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,  
Where humble happiness endeared each scene!

How often have I blest the coming day,  
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,  
And all the village train, from labor free,  
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,  
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—  
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,  
Amidst those humble bowers to lay me down;

And, as a hare whom hounds and horns pursue  
Pants to the place from whence at first he flew,  
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,  
Here to return—and die at home at last.

It is not possible to believe that Goldsmith could have spoken thus of any place that was not "home" to him, the scene of the well-remembered joys of his early years. "He writes," says Thackeray ("English Humorists"), "a book and a poem, full of the recollection and feelings of home; he paints

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the friends and scenes of his youth, and peoples Auburn and Wakefield with remembrance of Lissoy."

Irish rural communities are extremely conservative in their local usages and sports, and none are more light-hearted and gay in their seasons of relaxation. Everyone who has lived in the country parts of Ireland has again and again seen the people, young and old, assemble on a quiet evening at a favourite rendezvous, such as some fair spot shaded by trees or near the point where cross roads meet, and there, to the music of bagpipes, violin, or flute, fling themselves with hearty zest into the dance—

The dancing pair that simply sought renown,  
By holding out, to tire each other down—

or compete in leaping, running, throwing the sledge-hammer, or in the contests of the ball-court and the hurling field. All that is here alleged may be seen graphically described in Charles Kickam's tale, "Knocknagow, or The Homes of Tipperary," which is simply a photograph of an Irish hamlet in the humble happiness of its prosperous days, and its subsequent desolation by eviction. It may be justly called a prose rendering of "The Deserted Village."

It is, doubtless, objected that the line,  
And filled each pause the nightingale had made,  
shows that Goldsmith had England in view, where he was writing, as there are no nightingales in Ireland. To this objection a relative of Goldsmith's once replied that a similar argument would prove that Milton was in hell when he described Pandemonium.

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Goldsmit's knowledge of natural history was not accurate, and he may not have known, or may have forgotten, that the nightingale does not visit Ireland. Moreover, he might have used "nightingale" as the more poetic term, and wished to designate by it the song-thrush, which floods the Irish woodlands with melody in the gloaming of summer evenings. Goethe, whom Sainte Beuve and Matthew Arnold regarded as the greatest critic of all time, formed a judgment of "The Deserted Village" which is the direct opposite of Macaulay's. Speaking of this poem, he says: "The very thought of this picture is one of the happiest possible, when once the design is formed to invoke again an innocent past with a graceful melancholy. And in this kindly endeavour, how well has Goldsmith succeeded in every sense of the word! I shared the enthusiasm for this charming poem with Gotter."\*

Nowadays it were well for people to pause and reflect on the universal verdict that has crowned certain old books as the classics of our literature. By that verdict we are assured of the treasures of wisdom and pleasure to be found in those works—treasures which many neglect for the hot pursuit of novelty and sensation. So vast is the output of the modern press that it is impossible to read all that issues from it year by year, and, whether we set about making a selection deliberately or not, a selection of some sort we must necessarily make. Self-interest counsels us to read the best literature that is extant. One cannot, indeed,

\**Truth and Poetry From My Own Life*, I., 474.

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neglect modern authors, but our cherished friends should be those writers whose names have been deemed worthy to be filed on Fame's eternal bead-roll. Goldsmith's reputation rests securely on "The Vicar of Wakefield," "The Traveller," and "The Deserted Village," but he has left us much besides which is well worth reading, and from which the purest pleasure may be extracted. His Comedies, *The Letters from a Citizen of the World*, *The Bee*, and his Miscellaneous Essays charm us with their humour, their shrewd and kindly views of men and manners, their gentle satire, and their homely, warm-hearted sympathy. He is assuredly an author to make us happier, wiser, and better men, and his pages, while they fill us with delight and admiration, inspire us—to no other writer can we give this praise to the same extent—with a feeling of personal and lasting affection for himself.

## NATURE VIGNETTES.

### I.—IN IRISH MEADS.

One sunny day in early autumn I took a stroll through the fields. A narrow footpath wound by a green, tangled hedge, whence rose at irregular intervals an elm, an ash, or an oak. With many a joyous twitter, finches and sparrows darted through the maze of quick and in the mellow distance the thrush and the blackbird piped and fluted. For one who loves the open air, the sun, and the breeze, what pleasure lies in wait in the woods and fields! He discovers in the tiniest flower, leaf, or grass-blade secrets which he knew not when he was cooped within stone walls or walked the dusty streets—secrets that abound with wisdom and charm, old as the everlasting hills, yet ever new, ever fresh. In the golden sunshine, too, it is easy to be full of hope, and to look out upon life with clear and fearless eyes. For the outward radiance penetrates within, and cleanses the bosom of perilous stuff that weighs upon the heart. The lessons, indeed, which Nature teaches in the perfumed air, by the singing streams, and in the midst of green hills and meads, incite us to utilise the sweet springs of content and enjoyment to be found in this world of ours, and should make us ashamed to deliver ourselves as bond-slaves to anxiety and sorrow.

The path led me to a thick hazel copse, where I beheld, on entering, a goodly store of

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nuts enriching the branches. In this shady spot I rested, and gathered some of the fruit. When I resumed my walk I saw, at the foot of a knoll distant about a stone's cast, a circular patch of white stones, imbedded in the sward of fresh vivid green which is characteristic of Irish grass-land. I walked over to it, and stood for some time gazing at the pebbles before the thought occurred to me that I was looking into a well. So still, clear, and colourless was the water, I did not perceive its presence till I touched it with my walking-stick. It was a singular sight, which I have often since thought of as affording an apt illustration of spiritual phenomena. Thus, to take an instance from candour and straightforwardness: the water in the well set each particular pebble clearly before the view, and the truthful speaker's word reveals unerringly the thought which he wishes to convey. Or, in vain do we hope to discern and reduce to order the thoughts which crowd the mind, unless the soul is purged of impurities and brought to a state of clarity and stillness.

### II.—THE SKY.

To many matter-of-fact people the sky is just a collection of clouds and nothing more, and they live with their eyes glued, so to speak, to the earth, on which they plod in the same dull round from day to day. They seldom fix their gaze on the "glorious canopy of light and blue" on high, in which they recognise no grandeur or beauty. Yet with what scenes of more than earthly loveliness do not the clouds

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often fill the western heavens immediately after the setting of the sun! The pale blue, or light green, of the free spaces represents to the imagination the serene expanse of the sea, and the clouds, touched with the departing splendour of the sun, take the shape of islands, promontories, strands, and mountains. It is impossible to depict the fairy-like brilliance and beauty of the scene, or to express the keen delight which it imparts to one who, for the nonce, yields to the illusion, and gives free rein to his fancy.

Inspired by such feelings, S. T. Coleridge sings thus in one of his sonnets:—

Oh! it is pleasant with a heart at ease,  
Just after sunset or by moonlight skies,  
To make the shifting clouds be what you please,  
Or let the easily-persuaded eyes  
Own each quaint likeness issuing from the mould  
Of a friend's fancy; or, with head bent low,  
And cheek aslant, see rivers flow of gold  
'Twixt crimson banks; and then, a traveller, go  
From mount to mount thro' Cloudland, gorgeous land.

Wordsworth, too, with the poet's keen sensitiveness to every appeal of beauty, wrote in this strain on beholding the splendour of the sky at sunset:—

Had this effulgence disappeared,  
With flying haste, I might have sent,  
Among the speechless clouds, a look  
Of blank astonishment;  
But 'tis endued with power to stay,  
And sanctify one closing day.

Thine is the tranquil hour, purpureal Eve.  
But long as god-like wish, or hope divine,

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Informs my spirit, ne'er can I believe  
That this magnificence is wholly thine!  
From worlds not quickened by the sun  
A portion of the gift is won.

### III.—THE SEA.

From the deck of a sailing vessel, which is making its way through the tropics to distant Australia, I watch for the coming of the dawn and the sunrise. In the east a silver gleam above the point where the sky and the wave meet heralds the break of day. The gleam broadens into a patch of light, which gradually sends out faint shafts of radiance caught from the approaching sun. Then the clouds turn saffron, and soon take a ruddy hue, that increases in depth and brightness till the whole eastern heaven is “strewn with fancied roses.” At last a bar of gold burns along the furthest verge of the ocean, and the Lord of Day rises from the sea in splendour too dazzling for the eye to front, and casts his royal largesse to the rejoicing waves. The watcher’s heart leaps in joy at the beauty of the scene, and as the brave ship speeds upon its way, the morning air is fresh and cool and sweet, with a tang of the sea in it, and when drawn into the breast it is as a draught of wine or pure nectar.

In the tropics the setting sun often disappears behind clouds that are massed in irregular and broken array along the western horizon, just above the sea. The sun itself is no longer seen, but the burning glories that accompany its departure fill the sky, and shine

through the openings and along the summits of that cloudy barrier till the spectator, astonished and entranced, gazes upon towers, domes, and pinnacles crowned with a lurid glare, which is shot, apparently, from a scene where great buildings are consumed by fire, and a mighty city “reels aghast in conflagration of red overthrow.”

Standing upon this tall cliff, “by the long wash of Australasian seas,” I behold the bosom of the ocean extending for leagues to the east, the south, and the west, and I reflect how “leagues beyond those leagues there is more sea.” The mighty waste of waters which encompasses the earth, stretching away on every side—“boundless, endless, and sublime”—is, indeed, a glorious mirror where Divine Power and Immensity glass themselves and excite at times the wonder and the terror of puny man.

#### IV.—IN AN AUSTRALIAN ORCHARD.

Noontide in late summer. A slumberous stillness fills the air, and the trees are saturated with the sunlight. A warm haze floods the orchard: in the glowing mist all objects within view seem to be uplifted and to float, and every flower, every leaf, stirred by a light, odorous wind, thrills with fulness of life and joy. The power of the sun’s rays have hung the trees with fruit, and hour by hour is leading that fruit on to mellow ripeness. Under a green branch two pigeons walk about daintily, picking food, and, as they move, their burnished plumage is mottled with shifting flecks of sun-

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shine. Near them stands a tall water-tap. See how that sparrow alights on it to get a drink! Though I am close to him, he has no fear, for I keep still. Yet he looks at me shyly out of the corner of his eye while he puts his bill in the spout. He finds water, and, taking a sip, he flings from him what he does not want—two drops, which, as they fall, flash in the sun like veritable pearls.

How beautiful is Nature, not merely in the blossoms and fruitage of this pleasant croft, but throughout the whole earth, in the herbage and flowers upon a thousand hills!

The contemplation of the creation and its beauty finds its fitting place, and produces its best fruit, when it leads one “from Nature up to Nature’s God.” But the extravagant worship paid by modern poets and Nature writers to the charms which they discern in the earth and its scenery constitutes, if it is not referred, in some way, to the Creator, a kind of idolatry. All created truth, beauty, and excellence are but images of Divine Perfection, and the worl'd on which our eyes rest is worthy of admiration and praise only when it is regarded as the work of God’s hand.

## IN THE HIGHLANDS, VICTORIA.

I rose early on the morning after my arrival in the Yering district. The door of my room opened upon the verandah of the villa to which I had been invited by the owner during the Christmas vacation. Stepping out into the cool morning air, and, leaning against a pillar of the verandah, I gazed from beneath an overhanging mass of golden honeysuckle and jessamine upon the scene before me. I did so with a sensation of joyful surprise, for though I had seen several beautiful spots in Victoria, I never expected to meet with scenery equal to that upon which my eyes now rested. The pleasure felt was doubtless enhanced by my experience of Melbourne air and dust during the past year. Close to me were grounds tastefully laid out and kept with care. Pines and oleanders stood in graceful groups; the grass plots were smooth and of a vivid green; while the rose bushes and the rich flowers of the parterres were freshened by the morning dew, which flashed with prismatic colours beneath the first beams of the sun. Away in the east the sun had just risen, and was shooting his bright shafts from the summit of a mountain. A range of hills, with softly-rounded brows, stretched towards the west, where it was lost in a white mist, which hid it and the neighbouring plain in a gleaming robe of silver. The mist soon rolled slowly upwards, revealing first the wide green plains

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known as the Upper Yarra Flats, then the uplands and the wooded sides and summits of the mountains. My eyes roamed with delight over the scene thus laid open to my view. To the right, to the left, and in front, hill was piled upon hill, and mountain rose above mountain, distance clothing them in purple, and imparting a charming softness of outline to those which stood against the sky. One very distant peak could scarcely be distinguished from the floating clouds. The Yarra crept serpent-like through the green plain. Its course could be easily traced by the trees which stood proudly erect upon its banks, or else bent over the rushing waters. On elevated spots dwelling-houses gleamed white in the sunlight, or peeped from embowering trees, while hard by the nearer abodes vineyards displayed their marshalled ranks of broad-leaved vines. The fresh, dewy levels stretched away in every direction to the foot of the noble hills, the trees flinging long shadows, and the sun bathing lowland and mountain "in floods of living fire."

Every change of light and shade during the long summer day lent new charms to the scene. When daylight departed, and the night air was heavy with the sweet odours of shrub and flowers, I strolled through the grounds in front of the house and watched the rising of the moon. A brightness which glowed in the heavens near the horizon showed me where the queen of night was to make her appearance. As I gazed the light waxed stronger. In a few moments the moon grew slowly into sight, and struggled through a thin, cloudy veil. Es-

caping from the vapour, she shone for a brief space with undimmed splendour, and then was completely hidden by a narrow streak of black. Finally she gained a vast starlit expanse of dark blue, through which she advanced majestically, a globe not of pale silver, but of burnished gold. The earth was flooded with her radiance. Mountain, plain, river, tree, and shrub borrowed fresh beauty from her beams, and the shadows flung upon the greensward near me were intensely black, and contrasted strongly with the moonlight along their borders. At certain times during the year, my host informed me, a mist rises in the evening and covers the Flats. The magic influence of the moon's light changes the mist into a seeming lake or inland sea, with silvery waters hemmed in by the mountains.

In this lovely spot I felt deeply the peculiar charm of a walk by moonlight. There are few in Australia who have not experienced a similar pleasure during the bright nights of our southern summer. The pleasure is more than doubled if dear friends who sympathise with us are by our side. Not that there need be then much interchange of words. Such companionship heightens of itself the delight felt in the solitude and loveliness of the night, and we saunter slowly and linger long, while throbbing nature sleeps tranquilly, and the weird cry of some restless living thing breaks the silence at intervals. When the hour of parting comes, we clasp hands and say good-night with a regret that so pleasant a time has come to a close.

## SKETCHES AND ESSAYS.

During my stay in Yering I had the pleasure of making one of a party of excursionists to Fernshaw and the Black Spur. We set out early. Shortly after leaving the house we met a comfortably-dressed, good-looking aboriginal, on horseback. He belonged to the native station of Coranderrk, which is situated about a mile from the road which we were following. We put a few questions to "Tommy," and received quick, intelligent answers. Making our way through the Flats, we crossed the Yarra by a wooden bridge. The road soon began to creep up the range. Below us were houses with cleared spaces of cultivated ground near them, trees standing in scattered groups, and the Yarra glittering in the sunlight, with quiet cattle grazing on its banks or in the neighbouring pasture lands. We drove into Fernshaw, and had lunch on the bank of the clear and rapid stream which rushes down upon it from the highlands. Sitting at my ease in the sultry afternoon upon a shaded seat near the stream, I gazed across the water at the forest which stood upon the mountain side, and thought of the days when savages roamed in wild freedom through its glades. While I thus pondered, I perceived a dark, naked form moving among the trees. It was an aboriginal, armed with a boomerang and a spear. Lines of white drawn along his arms, ribs and legs gave him the appearance of a skeleton. His movements were stealthy, but full of natural grace. He paused under a tree, gazed for a moment upwards, and drew back the arm which held the

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boomerang. Immediately after I heard the whirr of the weapon as it sped swiftly on its way. It fell in a few seconds at the feet of the savage, and a bird of brilliant plumage came tumbling after it from the branches of the tree. The black picked up the bird and set out in quest of other prey. Just then, he perceived me, and suddenly paused. The sunshine fell upon him through an opening in the foliage, and I saw his eyes gleam with a wicked light. I was as if fascinated; I could neither stir nor cry out. He glided behind a tree, and stole nearer the stream. He then laid the bird and boomerang on the ground, and, poising his spear, he hurled it at me. His aim was only too true. The lance struck me in the side. I uttered a loud cry and—awoke to find that one of my companions had given me a fierce dig under the ribs to rouse me from a nap which I was enjoying after lunch.

I arose with a half-angry grunt and took my way to the Spur in a discontented frame of mind. Why was I not allowed to have it out with my dream? It was provoking that I should be roused just when a most exciting crisis had come. The sensation of being killed would have been a strange and, in my opinion, a delightful experience. It was really too bad, and I felt savage. I had a fellow-feeling at that moment with the unfortunate wight, who, on being offered a glass of whisky in a dream, desired to have some hot water with it, but awoke before the water was brought. It broke his heart, he said patheti-

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cally afterwards, that he had not taken the whisky without waiting for the water.

The offshoot of the Dividing Range, which we were climbing, got the name of the Black Spur in early days from its dense timber. A narrow horse-track, nearly always wet and muddy, led through it to the gold diggings at Wood's Point. We followed an excellent road which has replaced the horse-track and winds gradually upward along the side of the mountain. The scenery filled us with admiration. The trunks of mighty gum trees towered aloft, white, straight and bare. In some cases they stood black and charred, pointing with gaunt dead arms to the sky. These were once the victims of fire, which had wrapped trunk, branches and foliage in sheets of flame. In the valley beneath, the eye plunged into depths filled with myrtle, box, musk and acacia, interspersed with the ever-present gum and the beautiful fern-tree. Nearly on every side were the mountains, shaggy with forests. I realised how easily one might be lost in those thick woods, and when I thought of the first men who explored this wild region I felt that, like him who first braved the perils of the sea, they had hearts of oak, breasts of triple brass. Nowadays, a certain friend of mine would say, people have got the brass lodged in the wrong quarter. The noise of rushing water enticed me from the road to the bottom of the valley. I came soon upon a small bright stream which danced merrily along to the sound of its own music. It leaped from a rock in a mimic cascade, stole

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coyly round some large stones, lurked for a moment in the dark shade of an overhanging tree, and then escaped with a rush and a skip to a lower depth, where its spray decked with gems the outstretched fronds of the tree-fern. The place was deliciously cool. I bathed my hands and brow in the almost painfully cold water, and I had a refreshing draught from the stream. No drink is so refreshing on a sultry day as pure cold water. Ay, or on any day, declared a teetotaller belonging to our party. No muddy beer for him, he said, or wine, or whisky, but cold, healthful, sparkling water, whose beneficent and beautiful "forms" have been eloquently described by Professor Tyndall; he cared not how old topers might rail against water drinking, for he knew the calm delights of temperance, and he had no ambition to acquire that "loose, potatile look" which made Douglas Jerrold say of the man who had it, "it was plain that his face, like hothouse fruit, had ripened under a glass."

The sun sank slowly to rest ; the crimson glow which succeeded faded gradually away, and the shades of the evening were falling when we turned towards Fernshaw. Night had come down upon us before we reached Healesville, but despite the darkness the rest of our journey was accomplished right merrily, as the way was enlivened by some excellent songs, and by the cracking of jokes, good, bad and indifferent.

A visit to picturesque scenery refreshes mind and body. How much labour, and even danger, is sometimes encountered in the

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search after amusement? By a holiday some would seem to mean undergoing an amount of fatigue that leaves them not seldom in a state of prostration for two or three days afterwards. Here there is no need of making this mistake. The ride in the train to Healesville is attended with no danger or difficulty, and a short stay in the pure country air amidst the natural charms which I have attempted to describe sends back the wearied citizen to his business, greatly renewed in health and vigour, and fortified to meet the cares of life with a contented and cheerful spirit.

## THE SUNSHINE OF LIFE.

On a rising ground in an old world garden, full of fruit trees and flowers, stands a sun-dial, whose pedestal is partly overgrown with moss. Round the metal plate and gnomon is traced the motto: "I mark only the hours that are sunny."\* During the winter, when the flowers were dead, and the trees, stripped of their foliage, shook in the wind—

Bare, ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang—the old dial seemed, as it dripped with dew or rain to weep for the absence of its friend, the sun, and to watch in hope for better times. Now the spring is here. The bushes and trees are bursting into leaf and blossom, the flowers smile again from the dark mould, and the birds sing merrily.

The ousel-cock, so black of hue,  
With orange-tawny bill,  
The throstle, with his note so true,  
The wren with little quill,

and many other winged sprites dart hither and thither with renewed life and joy. They thrill with delight to see that Nature has

\*A sun-dial in Japan has this inscription:—

Hours fly,  
Flowers die,  
New ways,  
New days  
Pass by;  
Love stays.

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again flung abroad upon the breeze her banner of green, embroidered with hundreds of living colours. The sun-dial rejoices too, in the brightness that beams from the sky, and takes up once more its work of marking the procession of the hours. What a lesson to us to cast care away and to make much of the sunshine when it comes! If, taking that lesson to heart, we meet mishaps with a cheerful spirit, and count as hours of true life those only that are serene, we shall be invulnerable to "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune."

People speak sometimes of the past with contempt, and sneer at what are called "the good old times." But there are lessons taught by the past, which, intimately connected as they are with the art of being happy, it would be well for us to remember. Visit any of the modern nations that men look upon as progressive and successful; go, for instance, to the United States of America, and watch the lives of the inhabitants in the busy haunts of commerce. You will admire the energy, the industry, the perseverance with which the workers toil, and the prosperity which crowns their labour. Many, however, of the faces that pass you are care-worn, their deep lines telling of restlessness, anxiety, and nervous strain; and few of the toilers are in perfect health. The Americans in the cities, we are told by travellers, have a gloomy, dissatisfied look; they are afflicted with dyspepsia, the outcome of hasty meals, want of relaxation, and the fierceness of their struggle for money;

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and just because they are so busy and live at so high a pressure, they have become a joyless people. The same phenomenon is met with in Great Britain, and has been remarked by visitors from the Continent. Of Englishmen's eagerness in quest of wealth, Taine says, in his "Notes on England":—

Under the lash of this perpetual whip each one advances, pulling his car. Now, custom turns into necessity; even after reaching the end he continues to pull, and, if his own be lacking, he harnesses himself to that of his neighbour, of his parish, of his association, or of the State. . . . When at eight o'clock in the morning, at the terminus of a railway, one sees people arriving from the country for their daily avocations, or when one walks in a business street, one is struck with the number of faces which exhibit this type of cold and determined will. They walk straight, with a geometrical movement, without looking on either hand; without distraction, wholly given up to their business, like automatons, each moved by a spring; the large bony face, the pale complexion, often sallow or leaden-hued, the rigid look, all, even to their tall perpendicular black hat, even to the strong and large foot-covering, even to the umbrella rolled in its case and carried in a particular style, display the man unsensitive, dead to ideas of pleasure and elegance, solely preoccupied in getting through much business well and rapidly.

England, indeed, is no longer "Merrie England," as she was when, for a thousand years, her sons loved the old faith. Three hundred years ago Englishmen delighted in dance and song, and music, and the beauties of nature. Joyousness, smiles and light hearts were then plentiful in the land. "Bigotry came in, and frowned them away; then Debauchery, and identified all pleasure with the town; then Avarice, and we have

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ever since been mistaking the means for the end.”—Leigh Hunt.

The end of civilisation should be to fill a country with virtuous and happy citizens, and that end is missed when the practical outcome of a people’s energies is the enrichment of a privileged class, and the keeping of hundreds of thousands in poverty and wretchedness. Judged from this point of view, England, the richest country in the world, cannot be said to take high rank as a civilised nation. Many English pens have testified in books, pamphlets, and reviews to the misery and degradation of millions of her citizens; and the “Quarterly” (April, 1861), does not hesitate to say that “there are (in London) whole streets within easy walk of Charing Cross,” and “miles and miles” in more obscure places, “where people live literally without God in the world.”

We often hear the complaint in Australia that nowadays there is too great an indulgence in amusements, but it is a complaint with which I feel it difficult to sympathise. What liking for amusement can produce as much evil as does the devotion to money-making that prevails in America and England! To seek amusement, especially out of doors, in a fine climate, is a natural instinct, and as long as that instinct is guided by reason, it will not go wrong, or beget baneful results. None of us can live without pleasure of some kind, and moralists who rail against pleasure, as if it were intrinsically evil, make a mistake and do harm. No obligation rests upon

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anyone to be dull and miserable, or to growl because other people are happy, or to claim a mission to show that pleasure is wrong. Pleasure, doubtless, can be abused, as any good thing may be abused; but if men are barred from blameless amusement, they will rush to pleasures that are excessive and pernicious. The attachment to out-of-door sports, that is so marked a characteristic of Australian youth, is something to rejoice at and encourage. So long as undue excess is avoided, and no duty neglected, such an inclination may safely go unchecked. On the Continent the peasantry lead a cheerful life, free from care and full of harmless pleasure. Tourists in the Tyrol, in France, Spain, and Italy, give charming descriptions of the merriment that brightens the country districts, where, after the work of the day, the peasants pass the evening in popular amusements in the open air. When people are free from an unreasonable thirst for money and have no craving for sensationalism and change, they lead a homely life, that is moderate, plain, and simple, and, as their ideal of pleasure is practical and easily attained, they are content with the noiseless tenor of their lot, and are faithful to the rules of sobriety and virtue.\*

\* "How useless and even pitiful is the continued complaint of moralists and divines to whom none lend an ear, whilst they endeavor, age after age, to check youth and pleasure and turn the current of life and nature backward on its course! For how many ages in this old Rome, as in every other city, since Terence gossiped of the city life, has this frail faulty humanity for a few hours sunned itself on

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It is plainly our duty to be cheerful, and to encourage cheerfulness in others. Like the sun on a cloudy day, a cheerful man is pleasant to look upon, and one's heart expands in the warmth of his presence. So far from being a hedgehog of selfishness, he is full of sympathy; he radiates blithesomeness; and if events do not turn out as he desires, he knows how to meet them with manliness and resolution. He refrains from burdening others with his trials, and he gives far more than he receives, for he is one who hath "help for another's trouble, courage in his own."

Nor need he take a false view of life to gain the boon of cheerfulness. Pessimism is founded on that worse kind of falsehood which contains half a truth; and the optimistic outlook, that expects to escape all adversity, is in no better case. No life is wholly free from trouble and pain; but suffering, though it may not be shunned, can be conquered by a cheery temper. To the brave and buoyant spirit, which welcomes the bitter with the sweet, the world glows with sunshine and pleasantness, and life is full of strength. "Floored for the present, sir, but jolly!" Is not the man who acts up to such a motto the master of his fate, and invincible? What mishap can make him weak and miserable? It is the fear of pain that has turned the

warm afternoons in the sheltered walks and streets, and comforted them into life and pleasure, amid troubles and cares and toils and sins! . . . How can we read this endless story of humanity with any thought of blame?"—"John Inglesant."

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people of this age into a generation of cowards, and leads them through a never-ending procession of anxieties and sorrows from childhood to the grave. If to a bold man fortune holds out her hand, it may be said also that to one who is wise enough to refuse to enter the Slough of Despond, calamity will be afraid to draw near.

But it is objected, one may be born with a difficult nature, with a disposition prone to dulness and melancholy, like the lazy fellow who roundly asserted that he was born tired. Verily, it has been well answered, we are all born tired; but most men learn to overcome their sloth, or have it scourged out of them by the whip of hardship. And, as we succeed in conquering our desire to lie still and do nothing, so it is in our power to resist a bent to dejection, and to cultivate a contented disposition. For cheerfulness is not merely a matter of temperament; it can be gained by earnest effort, and no more difficulty attends its acquisition than is encountered in the cultivation of industry, courtesy or good temper.

Those who, by nature or habit, are wont to yield to low spirits, will find that a resolute exertion of the will to take a bright view of life exercises at once a salutary influence on body and mind. That influence will be enhanced if, in addition, they try to benefit others who need their assistance, or, at least, if they aim at a certain dignity of endurance, that prevents their private griefs from weighing heavily upon their relatives and friends.

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By thus exerting themselves, they are gradually fitted to cope with their trials, and, despite their burdens, to rejoice in the welfare and happiness of other people. The ministry of consolation is one of the surest safeguards against absorption in personal ills; and, unfailing source as it is of spiritual strength and peace, it trains us to look out of ourselves, and view the world around with clear eyes, as a child does. And thus we learn that life's tribulations are no real evils, when the heart is at ease, and conscience untroubled, and we enter easily upon the path to hope and gladness.

My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne;  
And all this day an unaccustom'd spirit  
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.

It is, by no means, impossible to preserve, not, indeed, what are called high spirits, but an equable frame of mind, that misfortune cannot altogether overthrow, or unexpected good luck hurry into excess. Doubtless, owing to the frailty of our nature, we sometimes feel ourselves dismayed at the sight of unforeseen difficulties. In such a case, we can do nothing better, conscious as we are of our weakness, than appeal to a Higher Power. In a period of darkness and despondency, we must seek from Heaven the strength which we need for the discharge of daily duties:

"Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see  
The distant scene, one step enough for me.

What I have said in praise of a healthy inclination to amusement and a love of outdoor sports, does not apply to those people

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who, because they have plenty of money, devote themselves wholly to pleasure-seeking. Such persons are to be pitied. Their chase after pleasure brings them no true enjoyment. They soon grow weary and jaded, and experience a craving that the glare of the theatre, the heated dance, and the excess of feasting can in nowise satisfy. Their discontent may be removed by a return to simpler living, and so to freedom from the tyranny of artificial wants and excessive gratification of sense. "The haunts of Happiness are various, but I have more often found her among little children, home firesides, and country cottages than anywhere else."—Sydney Smith.

Blessed is the man who has work to do, and who does it with all his might. Then rest will be sweet to him, and relaxation healthful to mind and body, and joy will take up her abode in his spirit.

Take Joy home,  
And make a place in thy great heart for her,  
And give her time to grow, and cherish her!  
Then will she come often and sing to thee,  
When thou art working with the furrows, aye,  
Or weeding in the sacred hour of dawn.  
It is a comely fashion to be glad—  
Joy is the grace we say to God.

Two classes possess this joy in its fulness—little children, and those old-fashioned people whose hearts are young and Christ-like.

## A PEOPLE'S STRUGGLE FOR LIBERTY.

About a hundred and twenty years ago the French Revolution, the declared enemy of Christ and His Church, entered upon its destructive career and began to spread itself with the violence of a cyclone over the greater part of the Continent of Europe. The gallant, but unsuccessful struggle of the continental nations against its advance presents many striking, if tragic, instances of self-devotion and heroism, but none that surpass in interest those contained in the history of the little mountain land of Tyrol. The Tyrolese, under Hofer, withstood and baffled the repeated efforts of Napoleon, then at the zenith of his power, to break their spirit and take possession of their country.

Tyrol takes on the map the shape of a rough triangle, the apex of which touches Italy on the south. It may be described as an extension in an easterly direction of the Swiss Alps, and while it is 11,000 square miles in extent, only about one-tenth part is level ground. Its mountains are not so elevated as those of Switzerland, but they possess greater beauty, covered as they are with woods of beech, oak and pine. Bavaria stretches along the northern frontier, and Austria lies to the east. The Tyrolese, in population about one million souls, are a virtuous and hardy race. In all parts of the country the

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martial air of the peasantry, who are trained from early years to the use of the rifle, their fearless look and athletic frame tell of the independence which they enjoy, and of the constant and bracing exercise of the chase among the hills and ravines of their native land. This brave people, being generally proprietors of the lands they cultivate, and enjoying under the paternal government of Austria the rights and liberties of a free constitution, are distinguished by ardent patriotism and devoted attachment to the Emperor who rules them. Travellers have left charming descriptions of the old-fashioned politeness and kind-heartedness of those primitive mountaineers, and of the scenes of rustic happiness to be met with in the narrow valleys of surpassing beauty which lie at the foot of the great Tyrolese mountains. The great characteristic, however, of the people is their fervent, strong, and uniform piety. Travellers and historians have combined in testifying that nowhere is deep religious feeling so universally spread as in the secluded valleys of Tyrol. It will not be without interest to give, in connection with this subject, the words of an English Protestant, who, under the "nom de plume" of "Vacuus Viator," thus writes in the London "Spectator":—"I had expected to find them a people much given to the outward forms and ceremonies of religion, at any rate—every guide-book tells one this much; but I was not at all prepared for the extraordinary hold which their Christianity had laid upon the whole external life of the country. You

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can't travel a mile in the Tyrol, along any road, without coming upon a shrine—in general by the wayside, often in the middle of the fields. All bore marks of watchful care; in many, garlands of flowers, or berries, or an ear or two of ripe maize, were hung round the figure on the cross. Then, in every village in which we slept, the bells began ringing for the matins at five or six, and in every case the congregation seemed to be very large in proportion to the population. I was told, and believe, that in all the houses, even in the inns of most of these villages, there is a family worship every evening at a specific hour, generally at seven. I shall never find a country in which it will do one more good to travel."

The Tyrolese heard with horror of the excesses which followed the breaking out of the French Revolution in 1789. They beheld the fury with which the Church was uprooted in France; fugitives, many of them grey-haired priests, told them of the crimes and sacrileges the Republicans committed; and they witnessed with dismay the progress of the French arms, justly fearing that the flood of impiety would ultimately reach their own peaceful valleys. The people flocked to the churches, and prayed day and night for the preservation of their faith, the treasure they prized most on earth. Among them was Andreas Hofer, Sandwirth, or innkeeper of Sand in the Passeyer, whose name, united with those of Tell and Kosciusko, will live for ever in the minds of men. He was a man of a

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thoughtful, frank, and benevolent disposition; but the most marked feature of his character was love for his religion and country. These qualities, joined to his talents and acquirements, which were of a superior order, subsequently placed him at the head of his countrymen in their struggle for independence.

At length the great evil Tyrol so much feared came upon her. She had to sustain attacks from the French in 1796 and 1799, but it was in 1805 that the tempest of war burst forth in all its fury. Bavaria had become Napoleon's ally in his struggle with the European powers, and to bind her still more closely to his interest, the great Corsican determined to put her in possession of the country of Tyrol which lay along her southern frontier. Accordingly, Marshal Ney, at the head of an army of French and Bavarians, invaded Tyrol, and, notwithstanding the brave resistance of the Tyrolese, took Innsbruck, the capital, and quickly overran the country. Finally, the victory of Austerlitz laid Austria prostrate, and in the peace that followed, the government of Vienna was forced to surrender all claims to Tyrol. Wrenched from her own loved Kaiser, she was given up to the rule of hated Bavaria.

The three years that Tyrol remained subject to Bavaria were years of sorrow. The free constitution of the Tyrolese, though solemnly guaranteed by Bavaria in the treaty of Pressburg, 1805, was overthrown by a royal edict; eight new and oppressive taxes were imposed, and, what was worse than all in the eyes of

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the pious mountaineers, their faith was attacked. The liberties of the Church were invaded, and the Church property was seized; the regular orders were banished, and in various instances the bishops also. Pilgrimages and the observance of holidays were forbidden; and the little wayside oratories and crucifixes were broken down and demolished with scorn, as incompatible with the progress of "modern enlightenment." The very name of the country was changed from "Tyrol" to that of "Southern Bavaria;" and the use of their own language was to be allowed the Southern provinces for only a few years longer.

In the midst of the deep gloom which over-spread the land, the joyous news at length came that Kaiser Franz was once again to declare war against Napoleon. Hofer, with two others, was summoned to Vienna, where the whole plan for the rising in Tyrol was arranged between them and the good Archduke John. On their return from Vienna they set to work in union with Joseph Speckbacher and Father Joachim Haspinger, the Capuchin warrior-priest, to prepare the country for the grand effort. Hofer, Speckbacher, and Father Joachim (whose sole weapon was a large staff, with an image of St. Francis on the top), were the three principal leaders in the struggle for freedom which followed.

The night of the 8th April, 1809, was an eventful one for Tyrol. The mountaineers then rose as one man. They had prepared

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themselves by the most solemn rites of religion, for what they deemed a holy war; and on receiving the signal, "Es ist zeit"—"It is time," they descended from the ravines and sides of the mountains into the great valleys of the Inn, the Eisach, and the Adige.

Expert marksmen, they lined the rocks and thickets by the rivers, and successfully defended the bridges, which the Bavarians sought to destroy before the Austrian regular troops under the command of Marquis Chatellar could come up from the frontier.

Hofer, at the head of between four and five thousand peasants, won the battle of Sterzing, on the 10th April. In the first part of the fight the Bavarian field-pieces did much injury to the Tyrolese, who were armed merely with rifles. To get close enough to fire on the enemy, Hofer ordered three or four waggons, laden with hay and drawn by oxen, to be brought from a field close by. But who was to be found bold enough to lead the oxen up to the cannon's mouth? There was a pause. Even the bravest shrank from the dreadful task. At length, a young girl aged eighteen, suddenly sprang forward, and grasping in her hand a medal of the Blessed Virgin, resolutely urged forward the first yoke of oxen, though the Bavarians, perceiving the object of their opponents, directed all their fire on the waggons. Others, inspirited by the heroic girl's example, led on the other oxen. The cattle soon fell pierced with Bavarian bullets, but not until Hofer had placed the waggons in such a position as to be able to open from behind

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them a deadly fire on the opposing force. The gunners were picked off by the mountain sharp-shooters, and the Tyrolese swept upon the enemy with the impetuosity of the torrents that leaped the rocks and ploughed the valleys of their native land. Soon two hundred and forty Bavarians lay dead on the field, and the rest surrendered themselves prisoners to the victorious peasantry. Another column coming up shortly afterwards was grievously harassed by Hofer, who inflicted heavy losses on it in the mountain passes of the Brenner.

In the meantime, Speckbacher had roused the country immediately around Innsbruck, the capital. While he surprised and gallantly captured the town of Hall, 20,000 peasants stormed Innsbruck, and, after a bloody struggle, made themselves masters of it.

A singular circumstance occurred after the fight. The Bavarian colonel, Dietfurth, who had fought with much bravery against an enemy whom he regarded with the bitterest contempt, lay insensible, and bleeding from many wounds, in the guard-house of Innsbruck. At length, opening his eyes, he demanded of the crowd surrounding him who was the person who had led on the peasants to the storming of the town. "No one," they replied. "The same spirit animated us all. We fought equally for God, the Emperor, and our native country." "Strange," said Dietfurth, "for I saw him frequently pass me, mounted on a white horse." These words of the dying Bavarian had a wonderful effect on the Tyrolese. They universally believed that St.

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James, the patron of Innsbruck, had fought for them, as in past ages he was seen to fight in behalf of Christian Spain. (See "Alison's History of Europe," V. xii., p. 343.)

The victorious peasants, early on the morning that followed the capture of Innsbruck, saw a large body of French and Bavarians appear on the heights around the town. It proved to be the force that had been defeated by Hofer in the mountain passes after the fight at Sterzing. It had thus fled to the capital, expecting to find in it a place of refuge, but found it occupied by 20,000 foes. The position of the column was a sad one. It was harassed in the rear by large numbers of the Tyrolese, while it was impossible to gain immediate possession of the town in front. In these circumstances, the French general, Bisson, found himself obliged, in shame and bitterness of spirit, to agree to an unconditional surrender; and the proud soldiers of Napoleon, numbering, with the Bavarians, about 3000 men, delivered up their arms to mere peasants.

"Thus did the Tyrolese," says Alison, speaking of this struggle for independence, "in one week after the insurrection broke out, by means solely of their own valour and patriotism, aided by the natural strength of the country, entirely deliver the province from the enemy, recover all the fortresses, except Kufstein, which were in the hands of their oppressors, and destroy about 10,000 regular troops of the enemy, of whom 6000 were made prisoners! These extraordinary successes, too, were gained almost exclusively by the unaided

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efforts of the people—a remarkable instance of what may be effected by unanimity and vigour, even in opposition to a formidable military force. The effect of these victories was to liberate the southern, as well as northern, Tyrol; for the French troops were so much discouraged by their reverses that they evacuated both Trent and Roveredo, and fell back to the neighbourhood of Verona.” He adds—“Nor was it the least honourable circumstance in this glorious contest that, though the population were strongly excited by a long course of previous injuries, and almost entirely destitute of regular officers to restrain their impetuosity, they were as much distinguished by their humanity as their valour, and, with a few exceptions, originating in the heat of assault, conducted their hostilities with at least as much moderation as disciplined soldiers.”

Such was the first struggle of the Tyrolese for independence. On two subsequent occasions the armies of Napoleon invaded the country and took possession of it, but the mountaineers not only defied and resisted the legions of Jena and Austerlitz, but actually swept them out of the land. Those heroic efforts, however, were in vain. In the last peace concluded between France and Austria, the latter was forced to give up Tyrol once more. The French inundated the country, and the patriot leaders of the Tyrolese had to flee to the hills with a price set upon the head of each. A MacMorrogh, a Judas, was found base enough to betray the gallant Hofer into the hands of his foes.

## A PEOPLE'S STRUGGLE FOR LIBERTY.

In the depth of winter (1810), at 4 o'clock in the morning, he was seized in a little mountain hut by a body of brutal soldiers, who treated him with much indignity. He was conveyed to Mantua, where he was tried by court martial. His judges being unable to arrive at a unanimous decision regarding him, wrote to Napoleon, who commanded that the prisoner should be shot within twenty-four hours. Such a sentence on a brave enemy, who fought but for the freedom of his native land, has left an ineffaceable stain on Napoleon's memory.

Hofer learned his fate unmoved. When asked if he had any request to make before his death, he said that he had but one. It was to be allowed a priest, who might prepare him for his last passage.

His execution is thus described by A. M. Sullivan, M.P., in his "Hofer and the Tyrol:"—"When Hofer reached the fatal spot, he knelt down, and for a while remained deeply absorbed in prayer. Then rising, he turned to Father Manifesti, who stood by his side, and grasped his hand in farewell; giving to him as a memorial his little silver crucifix, which he always wore upon his bosom, and his rosary—that holy weapon on which Hofer had even more firmly relied than on his sword for protection, and which had been waved so often aloft on the battle-fields of his country. He had naught else to give; and, said he, 'I need no more now. My wife and family I leave to the Emperor.' Two orderlies approached with a white kerchief to bandage his eyes.

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'No, no,' said Hofer, 'I have been used to look death in the face. I will not shrink now.' He likewise refused to kneel, according to custom, ere the word was given: 'I stand before Him who created me; and standing I will render up my soul to Him.' He also informed them that he himself would give the word to fire. He then charged the corporal of the firing party to see that he and his men performed their duty well; presenting him with a twenty-kreutzer piece which he had retained for that purpose. And now the last moment had come. There was a silence, broken only by the stifled sobs from some weeping attendant, and the cold click of the triggers as the muskets came to the aim. For a moment there was a pause: all eyes were fixed on Hofer, whose erect, manly form stood up against the sky. Lifting his hand above his head, in a voice as clear and loud as that which often woke the echoes of his native hills, he raised one last hurra, 'for Kaiser Franz and dear Tyrol'—the heart's devotion strong in death! Then for an instant clasping both hands upon his breast, he looked to heaven and moved his lips in prayer. Suddenly flinging them out extended wide apart, he thundered out the signal, 'Fire!' One crashing volley—the smoke lifts up; the soldiers, too much agitated by their emotions, have not aimed well. Hofer is seen bending on one knee. A second volley stretches him on the ground—yet even still he is seen to live, and makes an effort to rise. A corporal advances, and mercifully places the muzzle of his gun to the dying patriot's head, and fires. All

seems ended now. The lifeless body is lifted tenderly from the ground; for the French are anxious to pay the heroic Tyrolese a soldier's last honours. They place the remains reverentially on a bier, and, covered with a black pall, bear them in sorrowful procession into the Church of St. Michael, where a Requiem Mass is forthwith begun. As the book is being removed for the first gospel, the beholders observe, with feelings impossible to describe, that the body stirs beneath the pall! At the offertory a slight convulsive motion agitates the bier; but in a moment all is still, and when the Mass is done, and they lift the pall, they see with ample certainty at last that all is over. The pale, cold face upturned to their own, will never move again. The Sandwirth's voice no more will rouse Tyrol. His last fight is fought; his last prayer said. By a strange and solemn circumstance the Martyr Patriot had expired while over his bier the Holy Sacrifice was being offered for his soul! The body was allowed to lie in state; and a guard of honour was appointed to watch by the catafalque. The whole garrison—foes as they were in war—with noble generosity united in offering honour and reverence to the remains of the brave and heroic Sandwirth, and, with every mark of sorrow, followed him to the grave.

With regard to the subsequent fate of Tyrol, our space permits us merely to add that four years after Hofer's death, she once more returned to the Emperor to whom she had been so faithful, and for whom she had so gallantly fought.

## SAM SENEX.

Many years since the postman handed me one evening a letter which I opened with pleasant anticipations. The writer I had often met, and I had reason to believe that he regarded me as a friend; but I had not been in touch with him for some time, and the sight of his handwriting affected me in the same way as would his sudden striking against me in a crowd. A man of wealth, with simple tastes and no relatives, he was unable to spend all his money upon himself, and he was sometimes ludicrously puzzled what to do with the surplus. Though occasionally eccentric in the plans which he adopted, he was saved from serious mistakes by a good heart and an unselfish disposition, and, in the main, he succeeded in turning his opportunities to noble uses. The letter was quite in keeping with his character:—

Dear Friend,—It is a long time since I had the pleasure of meeting you or receiving one of your interesting letters; but I have not, I hope, lost altogether a place in your memory. In former days you were kind enough to give me the benefit of your advice in matters of importance, and your good nature will consent, I am sure, to help me in an undertaking in which I am now engaged. I have purchased a large and handsome villa close to the sea, which can be reached in a few hours from the city by the summer excursion steamers. The house, with some terraces and a well-fenced fruit garden, will be reserved for the use of myself and my friends, among whom, I trust, you will allow me to reckon

## SAM SENEX.

yourself; but the grounds cover twenty acres, and these shall be thrown open to the public, as I should like to provide people from the city with a pleasant spot where they could enjoy an outing or a picnic. The place is ornamented with stairways cut in the rocks, with winding paths, shady trees, rustic garden seats, small rotundas on vantage points, and with statues, shrubs and flowers. But the gem of the locality is a welling spring at the foot of an oak. This spring I have enclosed in an alcove of polished granite. The water runs from it along a marble channel, and is received in a circular basin, also of marble, whence it escapes and falls in a miniature cascade down the rocks into the sea. The space surrounding this fountain forms a natural lawn, with scattered clumps of laurels, acacias and elms. Goblets have been placed at the spring to enable visitors to drink the deliciously cold water. A small Celtic cross surmounts the front of the alcove, and immediately under the cross lies a scroll of white marble. This scroll is connected with the request which I now make, and which you will, I hope, grant. I want an appropriate inscription for the spring, and I shall have it engraved in gold letters upon the scroll. Do not tell me, pray, to look up Horace's Ode to the Fountain at Bandusia, or to get a few lines from the Greek Anthology. I want an inscription in good plain English, and I have no liking for pagan gods, goddesses, nymphs, and so forth. Kindly write a few verses yourself, or call upon your literary friends for help. I am in no hurry, but if you send what I want, I shall be extremely grateful.

Shall you be able to take a run to this place next week? There are certain details connected with the grounds, about which I should much like to ask your advice.—Very truly yours,

SAM SENEX.

To tell the truth, I was flattered, as well as amused, by this letter, and resolved to do what I could to secure an inscription for the fountain. With no hope of writing a good one

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myself, I had recourse to some acquaintances, who, I thought, would undertake the task. In this expectation I was not altogether disappointed. The first inscription that reached me came from a clergyman. Here it is:—

Of crystal brightness, Fount, thou hast no dearth;  
Unstained thou springest forth from soil of earth.  
A type thou art of bright souls, chaste alway,  
Though closely wed to flesh, our mortal clay.  
Fair Fount, e'en greater praise will I accord,  
If thou wilt join with me and bless the Lord.

The comparison worked out in the first lines of this inscription is not, I think, quite original, but the idea is developed clearly and is neatly expressed. The author writes that the concluding couplet is justified by the verse in the Hymn of the Three Children (Dan. iv.): "O ye fountains, bless the Lord: praise Him and exalt Him above all for ever."

The next verses sent to me were these:

Drink, weary traveller, freely drink;  
And of that other water think,  
Which whoso quaffs shall ne'er again  
Feel parching thirst or heat. Amen.

Smooth couplets with a quaint ending. The writer, who is a cleric, evidently alludes to the "fons aquæ salientis in vitam æternam;" but a profane person might say that salt water, or "aqua fortis," taken in sufficient quantity, would insure his never feeling thirst or heat again. Such a remark, however, would be hypercriticism.

Now for the third inscription:—

Softly I murmur, the sun is falling low;  
Brightly I sparkle in the evening glow;  
Gently I am flowing, see the shadows fall;  
List to my lullaby, night covers all.

## SAM SENEX.

Bright, sparkling lines, that, like the waters of the fountain, are somewhat irregular in their flow.

The two next were sent by a busy man.  
(Query: How is it that busy men can find time to accomplish so much, while others who have comparatively little to do meet your request by saying that they have no leisure?)

Unbosom'd from cool, rocky deeps,  
These limpid waters spring;  
As tears from sin-steeped hearts o'erwell,  
And God's own gladness bring.

A capital set of verses. The second inscription by the same hand runs thus:—

Long pent within earth's rocky breast,  
Forth leap this water's limpid streams,  
To cheer thee and to bless!  
Let not thy love for ever rest  
On self, but seek, with kindness' beams,  
To soothe thy friend's distress.

Finally, from a clever friend, the following:—

Prithee, Gentle Guest,  
Tarry awhile, and rest  
Here in the dell.  
Drink of the crystal well:  
List to the music of the waterfall:  
Mark how it sparkles bright  
With showers of silv'ry light:  
And praise the Lord so bountiful for all.

An inscription with smooth rhythm and lightness of touch.

I made an attempt myself, of which I am ashamed; but I suppose, in honesty, I ought to set it down; so this is it:

SKETCHES AND ESSAYS.

TO THE PASSER-BY.

Here quench thy thirst and lave thy brow;  
Then say with grateful heart;  
"Clear spring, for ever bright flow thou,  
And pure as now thou art!"

On obtaining those inscriptions I determined to take them to my friend, that he might choose one, or reject all. But before I was able to pay him a visit a sad event occurred, which has become historic in the commercial annals of the city. In one week about a dozen banks closed their doors, and Sam Senex, like many others, rich as well as poor, lost heavily. When he had discharged honourably all his debts, he found that what remained would yield him a small annuity, just enough to give him food, clothes and lodging. He has now not much superfluous cash, and his poverty he counts one of the greatest blessings. Hence, the loss of fortune and position has impaired, in no wise, his cheerfulness and good nature. Free from family cares and the anxieties that spring from money, and desiring but a few simple pleasures easily procurable, he enjoys a pleasant life that millionaires might well envy.

## IN GOD'S ACRE.

God's Acre is a pleasing and appropriate name for a Christian burial ground: there the seed that is sown in corruption shall spring into fruit of immortal sweetness and beauty. Yet the phrase seems peculiarly suitable to only one kind of cemetery, namely, that in which the graves cluster round the church, and the whole sacred enclosure comprises but an acre or two in extent. Just now there rises before my vision an Irish hillside covered with uneven tombstones and grassy mounds, where

Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,  
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

In the centre stands a plain white church; and at the foot of the hill, beside the public road, looms an ancient, ivy-mantled ruin, whose walls in the olden time echoed often the words of prayer and hymn. In that humble God's Acre rest the forms of those I love. Sometimes in spirit I visit the hallowed spot, as the twilight shades are gathering there, and while I ponder on tender memories, the dewdrops, evening's tears, wet the herbage, and in each sword-like grass blade I behold a type of the grief that pierces the mourning soul.

I confess that I cannot bring myself to give the name of God's Acre to a city necropolis which is crowded with streets or avenues of tombs. There artificiality reigns supreme, and the very trees and shrubs are made to grow by

## SKETCHES AND ESSAYS.

rule—in trim and marshalled lines. I miss the sweet face of nature that makes the country churchyard so homely and pleasant. The proud memorials, the stately monuments, proclaim the yearning of the human heart to overcome the oblivion of the tomb, and have little in keeping with the homage to death and Our Father's will, of which the nameless graves in the sylvan God's Acre seem to be a perpetual admonition.

Yet I know an urban, or rather a suburban, cemetery which merits the more sacred name. Distant four miles from the city centre, with a good part of its area still virgin soil, it retains much of the look of a country churchyard. I paid a visit to it in the springtime on a pleasant day of mingled sunshine and shower. Gates of handsome iron-work guard the entrance, and close to them stand a caretaker's lodge and waiting rooms built tastefully of ruddy brick. The cemetery is for the most part on elevated ground, and commands a wide prospect of villas, farm-houses, thickets and green plains, extending to an amphitheatre of hills along the horizon. Groups of trees, chiefly evergreens, are scattered about the main avenue, and rose bushes and flowers grow beside many of the graves.

I wandered among the tombs reading the names and epitaphs, and the interest which I felt was untouched by sadness. I experience no repugnance at dwelling on the thought of death and the grave. Our nature, no doubt, shrinks from the dissolution of the union which binds body and soul together; but reason helps

one to overrule that shrinking and to look upon death without horror. Death, it tells us, is what we must expect, and nature does us no wrong in calling on us to quit our present state of being. Indeed, we are well aware that from the first moment of life we begin our journey to the tomb, and that it is as natural to die as to be born or pass into that living death which we call sleep.

Montaigne refers, in one of his pleasant essays, to the care with which men shun the thought of death, that they may be undisturbed in the pursuit of pleasure, and he condemns such conduct as brutale stupidite, nonchalance bestiale. He counsels us to make our passage from this life the object of habitual contemplation, and to acquire a fixed resolve to accept the final summons with tranquillity and as a matter of course. The mind will thus lose the dread of dissolution, or of what leads to it; and then, and not till then, does a man become really free. Once he has taken this step, he rules his passions with a firm hand, and he is invulnerable to the darts of affliction. Courage that can look death in the face without dismay becomes a well-spring of cheerfulness, and whosoever possesses it is able to give himself to a sane enjoyment of life, and an energetic accomplishment of duty. Living a vigorous existence, he allows death to take him when or where it will.

This line of action Montaigne considered the only one worthy of a rational being; and he confessed that, as far as he was concerned, he kept himself, so to speak, booted and spurred,

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ever ready to depart. It was more manly, he said, to meet death with firm front than, in a cowardly fashion, fly and receive the mortal dart in the back. So he laboured to separate himself, as far as possible, from every object that might prevent him from bidding a tranquil farewell to this life—he abandoned the world before the world was able to abandon him.

From his biography we learn that this preparation resulted in his undisturbed acceptance of death when it arrived. He obeyed the summons with a composed mind, received the last rites of the Church, and died as quietly as if he were falling asleep.

In this matter, the wise man does at once what the fool—if he have time—must do at last; and this state of expectation and preparation is that “watching,” which is so urgently enjoined in the New Testament as necessary for meeting, as we should, an issue both momentous and unavoidable. One of the tombs in this God’s Acre reminded me of that duty in the well-known words: “Watch ye, for ye know not when your Lord shall come.”

Another inscription, “The pure in heart shall see God,” recalled to my mind a funeral which I once attended in this cemetery. It was that of a maiden who had not reached her twentieth year, and who had fallen a victim to consumption. Like the rose, gnawed by the worm till it droops and withers away, she pined and died in the flower of her age. During life she was much loved, and the meek patience with which she bore her suffering endeared her still further to her friends. A large number of her girl

acquaintances, dressed in white, followed the remains, and sang hymns as they moved in procession from the cemetery entrance to the grave. Most of them carried flowers. During the reading of the solemn burial service, when the body was lowered into the grave, the maidens flung blossoms upon it, till the coffin was nearly hidden from view by those frail but touching memorials of affection. There is something peculiarly beautiful in the peaceful death of an innocent girl. It is a sacrifice to the Creator of what is delicate and interesting in nature, united with much that is lovely in grace; and although we mourn that a young life, the centre of hope and love, is nipped in the bud and brought speedily to decay, we cannot but acknowledge that all is well with her whose pure spirit has sped from earth and is at rest. We feel that she is happy in escaping the ordeal of the world's trials, and that she has entered on a brighter and better existence. In the light shed by faith on the destiny of the soul, we have more reason to rejoice than to grieve at such a death; just as we are glad when the eagle, breaking from bondage, cleaves the air with rapid wing and is lost to our view in the sunlight of heaven.

I found several graves of children. One tiny white slab bore the inscription: "Our Baby Victor." Another was erected "In Memory of Our Darling," a girl of two years and six months. A third recorded the death of a daughter fourteen months old, and that of a son who had lived just one year. Those little graves spoke eloquently of the parents' love

and grief. Very pitiful is, especially, the sorrow of a mother for her dead child. She weeps without restraint: and it is well that she does so, for tears relieve the burdened spirit, and after the first vehement burst of sorrow, they will flow with a quieter tide. It is scarcely a kindly act, though it may be done from kindly motives, to check a mother's tears with the plea that it is vain to weep. She knows well that nought can restore to her arms the dear one she has lost, and that conviction is a chief cause of her sorrow. Let her weep on. Silence and sympathy are the best consolation one can give.

A child may grow up really far from father and mother, though he dwells with them under the same roof, for he may never give them his confidence; he may be wrapped up wholly in himself. But when an infant dies, he goes to God, and God is not far away. That young child is very near those who love him, and his spirit is, we trust, often hovering over them, and has power to commune with their hearts in solemn moments, and to exercise greater influence than he could have done on earth. The parents are better, purer, stronger, because their child is with God. Many a father's love, and particularly many a mother's, is too human and in danger of becoming so engrossing as to shut Heaven out from view: the thick foliage of the oak sometimes prevents us from seeing the sky, but at the fall of the leaf the heavens' "glorious canopy of light and blue" stands revealed. Their child is taken away, and when the first violence of their grief is spent, they

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follow in spirit whither he is gone. They cannot now pass to him, but they live in the hope that a place is being prepared for them, that where he is, they also shall one day be.

Such a child does not wholly die. In the memory of the living he still lives on. His smiles, his prattle, his joyousness, his coaxing, loving wiles, all the freshness, innocence and charm of his young life can never perish from tender remembrance, and so he survives, for ever dear and for ever fair. The little chair he used, the playthings that were his delight, are cherished, and the one spot of earth that is dearest to the childless parents is the grave in which he is buried. That wee mound they often visit, and they make it beautiful with fragrant flowers and shrubs. Should it be their lot to travel to distant lands, they will, in imagination, frequently go thither in pilgrimage; and no where else, it seems to them, does the lark, hidden in the bright sky, sing so clearly and tenderly, and the thrush and the blackbird pipe so sweetly.

Near the centre of the cemetery stands its most conspicuous monument, a group of statuary in white marble. The figures, which are life-size, represent a young wife and mother lying in death upon an altar-like tomb, and an angel placing a crown upon her head, while a second angel sits upon the ground in an attitude of sorrow. The conception and execution of the group are remarkably artistic, and the effect produced is both simple and beautiful. A large glass structure covers and protects the figures, and a dome-like roof rises overhead,

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supported on pillars of polished granite. The deceased, it is stated, was Born, 26th January, 1867; married, 26th January, 1887; buried, 26th January, 1897." Numerous inscriptions, including lines from Rosetti ("The Blessed Damozel") and other poets, with Scripture texts, cover the mosaic pavement and the entablatures of the roof. They have been fitly chosen, but the profusion with which they are scattered mars to some extent the simplicity of the memorial.

In the area set apart for Catholics, several Religious Orders have their burial place—Loreto Sisters, Nuns of the Society of the Sacred Heart, and the Faithful Companions of Jesus. A massive Celtic Cross marks the graves of the Fathers and Brothers of the Society of Jesus. On it is the motto, "Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam," with names and dates. Many of those good men I knew and loved, and as I stood beside the spot where they await the trumpet of the Resurrection a voice seemed to rise from the ground and to say in kindly warning :—

"Stop, O you who gaze on these  
Our humble graves, and think,  
We are in eternity,  
And you are on the brink!"

On quitting the cemetery, I walked homeward in a pensive mood. Truly wise, it seemed to me are they who live their life with cheerful courage, and regard themselves as pilgrims on a journey to a happier land beyond the grave.

## FATHER DAMIEN.

In modern times a striking instance of self-denial and sacrifice has attracted the gaze of all the world to the career of Father Damien, the apostle of the Molokai lepers in the Hawaiian Islands. Damien was born in Belgium in 1840, of humble parents, who bequeathed to him the rich inheritance of their own Christian faith and love. His was a boyhood of innocence, frugal and not unacquainted with hardship. When in youth he heard the Divine Voice bidding him leave all and follow in Christ's footsteps, he was far from feeling sad and refusing the invitation; he obeyed at once, and consecrated his life to the work of helping and saving his fellow-men. Providence assigned as his sphere of action the missions in the South Sea Islands; and he landed in Honolulu on the 19th March, 1864. He was not then a priest, but he received ordination shortly afterwards, and was given the charge of a large and laborious mission. The following incident serves to show the spirit that animated him in his missionary labours. One day he set out to seek a distant Christian village. He climbed a mountain, which was so steep that he had often to use both hands and feet. On reaching the top, he saw no houses, but another mountain, which he had to climb, and from the summit of which he perceived a third hill. Many a man would

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have given up the task, but not so he. His hands were bleeding, his boots were cut, and his feet wounded, but he recalled to mind Our Lord's sufferings, and said: "Courage! God shed His blood for the souls I seek." When at last he reached the village he was repaid by the joy with which the people received him. Their pastor was dead (they took Father Damien to see his grave), and since his death they had no hope of receiving the consolations of religion. In the midst of his labours an opportunity of complete self-immolation, after the example of Christ, presented itself, and he was great enough in heart and soul to seize and make it his own.

How perennially interesting is the story of a human life such as his! We watch, first, the apparently insignificant details of early years, and the slow progress in patience, courage, fidelity to duty, and submission to God's leading, which result in the laying, broad and deep, of the foundations of a noble character. Even while the soul follows on, not knowing whither it is going, and oftentimes with a sense of helplessness to shape its course, it is guided through darkness, doubt, and failure, through pain and self-discipline, until the instrument is, at last, fit for the purpose of the Master Worker. Then, like a chosen arrow, it is sped forth with unerring aim by the hand of the Mighty One to do the work for which He fashioned it, and for which He will glorify it, not always, indeed, before men, but surely in His Kingdom beyond the grave. Singularly

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interesting and inspiring to the wise and noble-hearted is the contemplation of such a life.

In the Pacific Ocean, within the tropics and about half-way between North America and Australia, lie the Hawaiian Islands. In number they are twelve, but four of them are uninhabited. Their sunny climate, their natural beauty, and the sapphire seas that wash their shores make them veritable "Edens of the eastern wave." Mr. Clifford, in his "Father Damien," applies to them Tennyson's lines—

A land of streams! some, like a downward smoke,  
Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go;  
And some through wavering lights and shadows broke,  
Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam below.  
They saw the gleaming river seaward flow  
From the inner land; far-off, three mountain-tops,  
Three silent pinnacles of ancient snow  
Stood sunset-flushed.

"The mountains and the river are there," continues Mr. Clifford, "and the delicious streams are for ever falling by scores down the green precipices of Hawaii into the blue sea. How lovely that sea is can scarcely be told. One puts one's hand in, and all around it is the softest and most brilliant blue; below are growths of pure white coral, and among them swim fishes as brilliant as paroquets. Some are yellow like canaries, some are gorgeous orange or bright red. I tried to paint a blue fish, but no pigment could represent its intensity. The loveliest of all was like nothing but a rainbow as it sported below me. Groves of cocoanut trees rise from the water's edge.

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The gardens are rich with roses, lilies, myrtles, gardenia, heliotrope, and passion-flowers."

Over fifty years ago a deadly foe entered those beautiful islands, and, despite all efforts to destroy it, there it still remains. That foe is leprosy. The affectionate and sociable disposition of the light-hearted natives enabled the disease to take a firm hold, and to spread its desolating influence far and wide. At last, in 1865, the Hawaiian Government determined to do its best to stamp it out, and passed a law that all lepers should be compelled to live on the north coast of Molokai, which lies upon the sea in the shape of a wedge, one of the smallest of the Sandwich Islands. It measures some thirty miles long by seven wide. A precipitous cliff, extending throughout its whole length, isolates a peninsula of 6000 acres from the southern part of the island. In this peninsula the abode of the banished lepers was fixed. The work of transferring the infected persons to this lonely spot gave rise to many painful scenes, but the Government was resolved that the law should be carried into effect. In 1873, when a new King was crowned, fresh exertions were made, and people of the highest rank, including even the Queen's cousin, were sent to the island. At Molokai very inadequate provision was made for the lepers. They built themselves some wretched huts, and in these they lay huddled together, with little clothing and scarcely enough to eat. They managed to distil an intoxicant, "Ki-root beer," which they drank to excess oftentimes, and they lived without

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law, morality, or religion. Vice and misery prevailed everywhere in this home of disease, despair, and death.

Leprosy is of three kinds. In the leprosy which is mentioned in the Scriptures, and which is rare nowadays, the body becomes white, and is covered with scales, though the health remains good. In anaesthetic leprosy the extremities lose all feeling and waste away in sores. In the third kind, the tubercular, there are swellings in the face and in different parts of the body, and discolourations. Often-times, the leper suffers from both tubercular and anaesthetic leprosy.

Stoddart, in his "The Lepers of Molokai," thus describes a leper child whom he saw—"A corner of the blanket was raised cautiously; a breathing object lay beneath; a face, a human face, turned slowly towards us; a face on which scarcely a trace of humanity remained! The dark skin was puffed and blackened; a kind of moss, gummy and glistening, covered it; the muscles of the mouth had contracted and laid bare the grinning teeth; the thickened tongue lay like a fig between them; the eyelids curled tightly back, exposing the inner surface, and the protruding eyeballs, now shapeless and broken, looked not unlike burst grapes."

Upon the unhappy lepers collected in this wave-washed and cliff-guarded prison the dawn of a comparatively happy time was about to break. A Catholic priest pitied their miserable lot, and, with sublime self-sacrifice, volunteered to live with them at Molokai. In

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them he beheld the suffering members of Christ, and he resolved to do all that lay in his power to comfort and succour them. This Catholic priest was Father Damien, Joseph de Veuster, who had had ample opportunities to become acquainted with the miseries caused by leprosy, and had often longed to carry help and comfort to the forlorn sufferers in Molokai. How he finally went there was brought about in this way. The Catholic Bishop of Honolulu, Mgr. Maigret, had gone, with several of his clergy, to dedicate a chapel in the island of Maui. Father Damien was present, and also some young priests from Europe, who had just arrived to engage in the work of the missions. The Bishop expressed his regret that, owing to the scarcity of priests, he was unable to place a permanent pastor in Molokai. This was Father Damien's chance, and he at once availed himself of it.

"My lord," he said, "here are some young priests just come from home; let one of them take my district, and, with your approval, I will go to Molokai and take charge of the lepers."

This offer the Bishop accepted, and with Father Damien he set sail that very day in a vessel that was carrying fifty lepers to the island of Molokai. Damien landed on the ground set apart for the lepers, and the Bishop returned to Honolulu. This happened in the year 1873. The priest was then in the thirty-third year of his age, full of health and strength, and he deliberately shut himself up in this living prison, with the certain prospect

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before him of taking the leprosy and dying the death which he saw those miserable outcasts die. He said to himself: "This is your life's work, Joseph, my boy." The choice he thus made in the spirit of boundless self-sacrifice and perfect Christian love has filled all the world with admiration.

Without thinking of himself (for the first week he slept in the open air under a tree), he at once set to work to improve the condition of the lepers. The destitute and miserable state in which they were aggravated the disease, and as many as from eight to twelve died weekly. One of the first benefits Father Damien secured for the lepers was a supply of good fresh water. Hitherto there was but little water to be got, and the consequence was that everyone and everything were full of dirt. The Father was told that there was a good supply of sweet water in a valley called Waihanau. He went to examine it, and was delighted to find a circular basin, seventy-two feet by fifty-five feet, of excellent, ice-cold water, about eighteen feet deep, and the natives assured him that even in the greatest droughts this natural reservoir never ran dry. He applied for and was granted a supply of water-pipes from Honolulu, and he, with the strongest of the lepers, laid them without delay. From that day all had within easy reach an abundance of pure, fresh water to drink and to bathe in. The huts the lepers had built were wretched dens, and many had only shelters made of boughs. Father Damien obtained, by his representations, several

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schooner-loads of scantling, and after a time some three hundred cottages were erected. He also laboured energetically to have suitable clothing and food provided. The result of his efforts was soon apparent in the improved health and appearance of the lepers, and the rapid diminution of the death-rate. The benefits he conferred, and his decision to live and die among the lepers, won him the reverence and love of these poor pariahs, and enabled him to work a speedy reformation of morals and to inspire feelings of Christian resignation and hope. He nursed them, consoled and prepared them for death, often carried them, when dead, out of their fetid abodes, made their coffins, dug their graves, and buried them. This he did for long years, living at Molokai all alone, without society to cheer him, rarely seeing a brother-priest, but "borne up by the brave heart within," and cheered and strengthened by Divine grace.

At last, in 1885, when he had been twelve years among the lepers, he found himself attacked by the disease. He had never feared the leprosy, and he welcomed its advent in a strong and cheerful spirit. Henceforth, in preaching, he always said, not "My brethren," but "We, lepers." "I would not be cured," he said, "if the price of my cure was that I must leave the island and give up my work."

Leprosy lasts generally four years, and then attacks some vital organ. In the year 1889 Father Damien lay dying. In his last letter to his brother (February 19, 1889), he said: "I am still happy and contented, and though I am

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so grievously sick, I desire nothing but the accomplishment of God's will. . . . I do not forget any of you in my prayers, and so do you pray, and get others to do the same, for me, who am being drawn gently towards the tomb. May God strengthen me and give me the grace of perseverance and a good death."

A short time before he died he wrote thus to his friend, Mr. Clifford :—

“Kalawao, 28th February, 1889.

“My Dear Edward Clifford,—Your sympathising letter of 24th gives me some relief in my rather distressed condition. I try my best to carry, without much complaining, and in a practical way, for my poor soul's sanctification, the long-forseen miseries of the disease, which, after all, is a providential agent to detach the heart from all earthly affection, and prompts much the desire of a Christian soul to be united—the sooner the better—with Him who is her only life.

“During your long travelling road homewards, please do not forget the narrow road. We both have to walk carefully, so as to meet together at the home of our common and eternal Father. My kind regards and prayers, and good wishes for all sympathising friends. ‘Bon voyage, mon cher ami, et au revoir au ciel.’

“Totus tuus,

“J. DAMIEN.”

In his last days the dying martyr suffered at times intensely, for the disease had fastened upon his mouth and throat. Brother James, an Irishman, nursed him with constant watchfulness and devoted affection.

“As he lay there,” says Mr. Clifford, “in his tiny domicile, with the roar of the sea getting fainter to his poor diseased ears, and the kind

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face of Brother James becoming gradually indistinct before his failing eyes, did the thought come to him that, after all, his work was poor, and his life half a failure? Many whom he had hoped much of had disappointed him. Enemies had lurked near at hand. His motives had been impugned, his character had been assailed. Not much praise had reached him. . . . Churches were built, schools and hospitals were in working order, but there was still much to be done. He was only forty-nine, and he was dying. ‘Well! God’s will be done. He knows best. My work, with all its faults and failures, is in His hands, and before Easter I shall see my Saviour.’”

On Monday in Holy Week, the 15th April, he drew his last breath, and no doubt he celebrated Easter Sunday, the 21st April (1889), in heaven.

He died, but his heroic spirit lives, and his religious brethren, with some zealous laymen and several Franciscan Nuns, have taken his place at Molokai, and carry on his work. Amongst the glorious multitudes who have washed their robes and made them white in the Blood of the Lamb, and who stand, “with palms in their hands,” before the Great White Throne, this humble priest, this martyr of charity, has obtained, we may be sure, a high place. And yet to us who are of the Household of Faith, heroism like this is no new spectacle; it creates far greater surprise in those who are outside the pale of the true Church.

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The "Times" published the following impressive words in recording his death:—

"From the recesses of the South Seas, Molokai has long since fascinated human attention, and never lacks an audience when it chooses to speak. Humanity has learnt too much from the leper-chief and pastor not to respect the heights from which the beacon of his beneficent career has shone forth. He never challenged admiration for his self-sacrifice. Apparently he never was conscious that he had advanced beyond the line of ordinary moral obligation. He could not suspect it, since for him, doubtless, there hardly was a choice. Being what he was, he was incapable of seeing a sphere of benevolent activity like that in Molokai vacant, and not occupying it by a spontaneous impulse. If it be a necessary condition of the award of praise to great deeds that the doer must have been a free agent, neither the inspired poet nor the martyr deserves applause. Father Damien merits it as little, if it be required for a title to the meed of magnanimity that a man has surrendered pursuits he cherished for pursuits he abhorred, honour for dis-honour, pleasure for anguish. Among his Molokai lepers the Father found the vocation he might have searched the remainder of the universe in vain to supply. To feel that he could satisfy, in some degree, their wants was his crown of glory. From toiling and from suffering for them he derived, by universal testimony, a joy which left little room for pain. Yet, physically, it is not to be denied that life for him must have been for years a prolonged agony."

The London "Daily Telegraph" says:—

"He has taught the whole world such a lesson of the power of the heart and spirit of a fearless man to overcome the worst that can befall, of the might and majesty of simple Christian love, as all the homilies of all the pulpits could never inculcate. Fearless, serene, contented and victorious amid the direst scenes and the most dreadful visitations which

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can light upon humanity, this sublime priest appears to our sight one of the greatest conquerors and instructors of the age."

About a year after Father Damien's death, Robert Louis Stevenson published (February, 1890) his famous letter in defence of the leper priest's character. It was written in reply to Dr. Hyde, a Presbyterian minister at Honolulu, who sent the following epistle to a fellow-parson, the Rev. H. B. Gage:—

"Dear Brother,—In answer to your inquiries about Father Damien, I can only reply that we who knew the man are surprised at the extravagant newspaper laudations, as if he was a most saintly philanthropist. The simple truth is, he was a coarse, dirty man, headstrong and bigoted. He was not sent to Molokai, but went there without orders. He did not stay at the Leper Settlement before he became one himself, but circulated freely over the whole island (less than half the island is devoted to lepers), and he came often to Honolulu. He had no hand in the reforms and improvements inaugurated, which were the work of our Board of Health, as occasion required and means provided. He was not a pure man in his relations with women, and the leprosy of which he died should be attributed to his vices and carelessness. Others have done much for the lepers—our own ministers, the Government physicians, and so forth—but never with the Catholic idea of meriting eternal life.—Yours, etc.,

"C. M. HYDE."

These accusations were carefully sifted by Mr. Charles B. Reynolds, the Executive Officer at the Leper Settlement, employed by the Honolulu Board of Health. Mr. Reynolds was a man of tried probity, truthful, fearless, and quite unprejudiced in judgment. Moreover, for three or four years he was in constant contact with Father Damien, and intimately

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acquainted with the lepers and their intercourse with the priest. I take a summary of his Official Report (1887) from Arthur Johnstone's "Recollections of Robert Louis Stevenson in the Pacific."\* (London: Chatto and Windus; 1905). In a chapter of this work, headed "The Hurling of the Damien Letter," the author says that Mr. Reynolds summed up the results of his investigation thus:—

"I found"—these are Mr. Reynolds' words—"I found the general verdict among the lepers in the settlement was that Father Damien, since his arrival in 1873, had been a thorough friend to them. From the start he had urged for the betterment of their houses and the upbuilding of their lives, and all agreed that throughout his ministrations he had acted towards those unfortunates more as a nurse than as a priest. Never a word against him; always he had been the good brother and the kind-hearted father to their helplessness. I never heard from anyone in the settlement that he had been immoral or licentious in any way, for had he even made a slip in his conduct in that mixed community, which included representatives from the various sects of religion in the islands, or if there had been anything of the kind hinted at there, it would have been commented upon, and in my official position I could have easily elicited such condemning testimony had it been in existence."

Moreover, Mr. Reynolds testified, on ample evidence from others, supported by his own experience and intimate knowledge of Father Damien, that the priest was not "tricky" or "untruthful," or given to verbal misrepresen-

\*This book prints as an appendix a document which is little known and almost impossible to get, Father Damien's Report of his labours among the lepers for over twelve years. The Report was sent to the Board of Health in 1886.

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tations, even where the temptation lurked. Both lepers and officials agreed that Father Damien was, to some extent, wanting in cleanliness and careless of his person ; and this was the only grain of truth contained in the accusations brought by sectarian jealousy against the priest.

With regard to bigotry, Mr. Reynolds said : "Father Damien was not more bigoted than is the ordinary sectary under similar conditions. I think his Report to the Government is amply clear and conclusive on this point."

Mr. Reynolds gives equally clear testimony as to how Father Damien contracted the leprosy : "Father Damien had been in the habit for years of assisting the poorer lepers to build their houses, always working with the poor maimed creatures, and using the same tools, often exchanged from their bleeding fingers to his healthy palms. From the time of his landing at Kalapapa until shortly before his death this was his practice. . . . Then, again, Damien was extremely careless in his habits, and frequently would have leper boys at work in his kitchen, so that he could give more time to his ministrations for others, being busy from peep of day until long after dark. Besides, he was very careless about his own person, not being a cleanly man. It is absolutely beyond doubt that he contracted the disease through his careless ministrations and uncleanly personal habits."

These plain statements effectually demonstrate the falsity of Dr. Hyde's slanders, and,

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had they been known to R. L. Stevenson, they would have saved him from some admissions made in his masterly letter of scorn and invective in reply to the Presbyterian parson.

But a confession drawn from Dr. Pond, of Honolulu, in 1905, has set the truth in a light that dissipates all shadows. Mr. Jean B. Sabate, a Hawaiian journalist, sent a letter to the New York "Times" Saturday Review of Reviews, in which he stated that Dr. Hyde's accusations were due to a mistake of identity, and although, shortly after writing them, he (Dr. Hyde) became aware of their falsity, he published no public retraction. The subjoined extract from Mr. Sabate's letter will be read with interest:—

"After sixteen years of almost criminal silence, after sixteen years of malevolent efforts to blacken the memory of a good, and noble, and saintly man, Dr. Pond, a Congregational minister, has been forced by the Provincial of the Catholic Mission at Honolulu to vindicate absolutely and definitely the memory of Father Damien. Writing in the 'Pacific Commercial Advertiser,' of Honolulu, under date of September 20 and 26, 1905, Dr. Pond, compelled thereto by the prodding of Father James, states that after the Stevenson letter had been published, Dr. Hyde, smarting under the stinging rebuke, wrote him to find out whether he (Hyde) had erred when he made his immorality charges, to which Pond replied that he had; that he had got hold of the wrong man; that it was a case of mistaken identity.

"Neither of the two reverend gentlemen, however, was generous enough to immediately rectify the mistake that had been made, and restore to Father Damien the reputation which had been stolen from him. Dr. Pond has an excuse, however, for this silence of sixteen years: 'Father Damien was being

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lauded as a martyr to his voluntary residence in the leper settlement. It may be presumed that Dr. Hyde, having in mind the immoral conduct scandal, but laboring under a mistake as to the identity of the man who was concerned in it, wished to expose what he believed to be a fallacy; and this was the sole motive for making the statement which had produced such interminable commotion among Father Damien's friends. If Dr. Hyde knew what a hopeless task would confront him in an endeavour to correct an error, he acted wisely in letting bad enough alone.'

"So here we have the real story in a nutshell. Dr. Hyde accused Father Damien of immorality because another man at a distant place became entangled in a scandalous affair, and when his mistake was pointed out to him he kept silent, and allowed the charge to stand, because, forsooth, it would have been a hopeless task to rectify it! And this is what Rev. Dr. Pond calls 'acting wisely.' What most persons will call it I shall not attempt to guess."

## THE STUFF THAT DREAMS ARE MADE OF.

I talk of dreams;  
Which are the children of an idle brain,  
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;  
Which is as thin of substance as the air,  
And more inconstant than the wind.

"Romeo and Juliet."

The interesting and suggestive talk of a friend of mine on discipline of the imagination has set me thinking about dreamland, that shadowy realm where fancy—"deceiving elf"—plays her wildest pranks. Scott has described how Edward Waverley was wont to create, from the splendid and useless imagery with which his imagination teemed, "visions as brilliant and as fading as those of an evening sky"; and in "Rokeby" he depicts in Wilfrid, "Fancy's spoil'd and wayward child," the evils resulting from unchecked day-dreaming. For, in the daytime, one truly dreams when, with his eyes open, he falls into a brown study or reverie, during which, although he retains a vague consciousness of sights and sounds around him, he has so concentrated his attention on one thought that he is practically insensible to everything else. But dreams, properly so-called, are those mental excursions in which we are engaged when the doors of our senses are locked in sleep.

I have remarked that dreams are generally in agreement with the processes of thought

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familiar to the mind in its waking hours. They spring from the natural connection of our ideas, and, since the will is, for the most part, powerless to control them, they are directed, or governed, in their movements by the law of association. Thus, it once happened that an old man who sold fruit on week days cried out in his sleep, during the Sunday sermon, quite naturally, but with startling distinctness: "Three oranges for a penny!"

Everyone has, of course, been struck by the vividness and apparent reality of what is seen in dreams. So perfect is the power which the mind possesses of apprehending what is presented to it, that its sight is more clear and effective than the keenest vision of bodily eyes. In all dreams there is incoherence, united with extravagance; but, withal, proportion or fitness is preserved in the objects set before the imagination, and in the events that take place. I have read of a man who dreamed that he sailed to the Indies, and there gained enormous wealth; but by one of those regrettable mishaps that occur in dreams, as they do in real life, he fell in a moment into extreme indigence, was accused of robbery and murder, and stood waiting on the scaffold with the rope round his neck, when a friend suddenly roused him from sleep, and saved him from being hanged. Another person, who found himself in a burning city, made superhuman efforts to extinguish the flames, and succeeded in doing so by carrying to the fire a neighbouring river on his back, for which service he

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surely deserved a suitable reward from the City Council.

Addison's "Spectator" speaks of a dream that a lady had during a sermon. She lost at play her whole fortune, and even her three children, and discovered the character of her opponent "by a cloven foot and a strong smell of brimstone, which last proved only a bottle of spirits, which a good old lady applied to her nose to put her in a condition of hearing the preacher's third head concerning Time."

A noteworthy circumstance connected with dreams is the swiftness with which the various events succeed one another. We sometimes seem to live through a long life in a few seconds. It is related of Lord Holland that, falling asleep while a person was reading aloud, he had a dream crowded with events, and yet awoke in time to hear the end of the sentence to the first words of which he had listened. De Quincey says, in his "Confessions of an Opium Eater," that a near relative of his fell, when a child, into a river, and, being on the point of death (from which, however, she was finally saved), "she saw in a moment her whole life, in its minutest incidents, arrayed before her simultaneously, as in a mirror; and she had a faculty developed as suddenly for comprehending the whole and every part." "This," he adds, "from some opium experiences of mine, I can believe." And, at times, something similar takes place in dreams.

I have heard it said that a dreamer is never

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surprised at what he sees. With this assertion I do not fully agree. It is, I think, truer to say that the dreamer is incapable of recognising, by a reflective act, that he is surprised. Where the dream represents extraordinary phenomena, the mind is usually thrown into a state of vague, or confused, wonder, of which it is not directly conscious. At least, such is the impression which I retain of dreams that I considered attentively when I awoke. Nor can I admit that, in dreams, the will is always in abeyance, and incapable of eliciting a positive act. Where a man feels strongly on a particular subject, he will, even in sleep, as I know from my own experience, exert his will in connection with that subject. It is related of St. Francis Xavier that, when he was shown in a dream the labours and sufferings which awaited him in his preaching of the Gospel to the heathen, he cried out, "Still more, O Lord, still more!" At another time an unchaste temptation attacked him while asleep, and he rejected it so energetically that he burst a blood-vessel.

Joy, sorrow, shame or horror, and especially fear, are felt during nightly visions. Clarence's dream in Shakespeare pourtrays in masterly fashion the tempest of soul, the terror and agony, with which the mind is sometimes seized in sleep.

I trembling waked, and, for a season after,  
Could not believe but that I was in hell;  
Such terrible impression made my dream.

The author of the "Religio Medici" says:  
"We are somewhat more than ourselves in our

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sleep, and the slumber of the body seems to be but the waking of the soul. It is ligation of sense, but the liberty of reason; and our waking conceptions do not match the fancies of our sleeps. . . . I am no way facetious, nor disposed for the mirth and galliardize of company; yet in one dream I can compose a whole comedy, behold the action, apprehend the jests, and laugh myself awake at the conceits thereof. Were my memory as faithful as my reason is then fruitful, I would never study but in my dreams; and this time, also, would I choose for my devotions; but our grosser memories have, then, so little hold of our abstracted understandings, that they forget the story, and can only relate to our awakened souls a confused and broken tale of that that has passed." Coleridge was equal to the task of reproducing accurately what he had dreamed, as is evident from his fragment, "Kubla Khan," which he composed in sleep, and wrote down immediately on awaking. While engaged in doing so, he was called to see a visitor, and, when he returned to his writing materials, he found, to his regret, that he could not continue the poem.

Circumstances affecting the body have a material result in suggesting or regulating our dreams. One who went to sleep with a bottle of hot water at his feet dreamed that he was ascending the crater of Mount Etna. A hearty supper sometimes sets a horrible dwarf or hag upon the dreamer's chest; and a fit of indigestion brings into one's dreams a mad bull or a hairy goblin. Again, a sleeper

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has been influenced to dream of a certain subject by a whisper in his ear. Fantastic visions are ascribed by Leigh Hunt to stomach vagaries. The inspirations of veal, he says, are accounted extremely Delphic ; Italian pickles partake of the spirit of Dante ; and a butter boat shall contain as many ghosts as Charon's

Sir William Hamilton holds the opinion that we never sleep without dreaming, but that we are not always able, when awake, to remember our dreams, and he reasons ably in support of his view. Hazlitt, in "*The Plain Speaker*," seems to be of the same opinion.

No believer in Holy Writ can doubt that Providence has used the medium of dreams for revealing hidden truths ; but it would be mere superstition to allow nocturnal fancies to exercise, when we are awake, an influence inimical to the fulfilment of duty. Yet how many suffer themselves to be disturbed by the chimeras of sleep ! And what fantastic interpretations they give of what they saw in their dreams ! We are told, in the "*Vicar of Wakefield*," that Mrs. Primrose had the most lucky dreams in the world, which she related every morning with great solemnity and exactness : it was one night a coffin and cross-bones, the sign of an approaching wedding ; at another time she imagined her daughters' pockets filled with farthings, a certain sign that they would shortly be stuffed with gold. We have, all of us, met folk like the Vicar's wife, very wise in the interpretation of visions and omens.

Many dreams are connected with those be-

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loved ones whom we shall never more behold on earth—"precious friends hid in death's dateless night." In Forster's "Life of Charles Dickens," a remarkable dream which the great novelist had while he was travelling in Italy, is related. A near relative, Mary Hogarth, to whom Dickens was much attached, had recently died, and he tells in a letter how she appeared to him during his sleep.

He says that one night he was visited by a spirit. He felt assured—he knew not how—that it was Mary Hogarth's soul, which was full of tenderness and compassion for him ; and he asked for sign or proof that she was really visiting him. On receiving the reply—"Form a wish," he said : "Will you extricate Mrs. Hogarth"—her own mother—"from her many distresses ?" "Yes." "One other question before you go :What is the true religion ? Perhaps, the Roman Catholic is the best." "For you, it is the best." Then he awoke, and it was just dawn. In his letter he assigns certain leading ideas in his mind that might have suggested the dream ; but the proof which he had asked for was granted, for, without effort on his part, or any agency in which he had<sup>a</sup> a hand, Mrs. Hogarth was delivered from all her difficulties. It is well worth the reader's while to turn to Forster's "Life of Dickens," and read this remarkable letter, which contains details necessarily omitted in the resume here given.

Sometimes cases are cited in which premonitions of the death of a relative

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or a friend seem to come to us in dreams. The following paragraph taken from "T. P.'s Weekly," contains an instance of this phenomenon. "A. D.," writing from Cambridge, says :—"My son, after ranching in Texas, had a commission in the 6th Infantry, United States Army, then under orders for the Philippines, and was stationed in Negros Island. He corresponded with us often, and, having obtained a furlough to visit us, we were expecting to hear when he would be likely to arrive. In the meantime, I had a dream of witnessing a funeral taking place in the Philippines, and was told it was my son's. I mentioned the dream at the breakfast that morning, and, being a mere dream, thought no more about it until a letter came on Christmas Eve, three months after, from the War Office at Washington, announcing his death at that very time (October 16), the night when I had my dream, and it was his funeral I was witnessing."

The unravelling of the mystery that shrouded the murder of a Mr. Norway, in Cornwall, in the year 1840, was due, it is said, to a dream. Mr. Norway, a man of quiet, inoffensive character, was done to death by persons unknown, and his corpse was found about two miles from the town of Wadebridge, beside the high road to Bodmin. Every effort to discover the murderers was unavailing. The brother of the slain man was a lieutenant in the navy, who, as this time, was stationed in the West Indies. He obtained leave of absence, and reached Wadebridge some

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months after the murder. When he learned the sad event, apparently for the first time, from the residents, he showed little surprise, and proceeded at once to the police station, where he told a strange story to the officer in charge. He said that he saw, in a dream, two men murdering his brother on the Bodmin road, robbing the body, and then retiring hastily to a certain house in the town. To this house, which he recollects perfectly, he undertook to guide the police. The latter were incredulous, but they accompanied him, when he walked to the residence of two brothers, James and William Lightfoot. The door was opened by James Lightfoot, who, on seeing Lieutenant Norway, was startled by his strong resemblance to the murdered man, and retired hastily into the house. Norway and the police followed without delay, and when the two brothers were charged with the murder, details of which were narrated by the returned seaman, they acknowledged, terror-stricken, that they had committed the crime. At the next assizes they were tried and sentenced to death, and on the 13th April, 1840, they were hanged.

Such instances as the last two here cited are exceptional cases, and cannot, of course, justify us in taking the fantastic sights which we behold in dreams as a trustworthy guide to truth of fact or conduct.

In conclusion, let me wish thee, reader, when thou art fast locked in sleep, no dream that grieves or affrights. May thine be

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The sweetest sleep and the fairest boding dreams  
That ever enter'd in a drowsy head;

that, when the morning light shall dawn, thy  
heart may be jocund with the remembrance  
of nightly visions, as cheering as they were  
fair.

## THE MIND OF THE DEAF MUTE.

In this essay the term, deaf or deaf-mute, is used to designate a person who has been deaf since birth. Such a one can form no conception of what sound is, just as a person born blind has no idea of colour. A comparison has sometimes been instituted between the blind and the deaf; but, as far as mental power is concerned, congenital deafness is the heavier affliction. Upon the mind blindness exercises no injurious effects; nay, by cutting off the distractions arising from sensible objects, it usually invigorates and sharpens the mental faculties. One born blind can talk with his fellow-men, can be read to, can learn reading, writing and skilled trades, and is capable of profiting by all the instruction that people who have sight receive. Very different is the lot of the uninstructed deaf-mute. Though he has the sight of his eyes, he is mentally blind. He cannot hear: he dwells in a blank stillness that has never been broken by sound; and hence he is unable to read or write or speak, and he lives in a complete exclusion from all the ideas, interests and pleasures that are conveyed to other men through books, correspondence and conversation. His mind is stricken with a deplorable blindness, and his soul dwells benighted in a prison of flesh.

People scarcely ever realise, or try to realise, the mental darkness of the deaf. They take it

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for granted that the deaf acquire ideas in the same way as those do who can hear. But in the acquisition of ideas men are aided ordinarily by spoken words which appeal to the sense of hearing. "Speech is an audible language addressed to the ear. Now man does not speak with the ear any more than an artist paints with the eye. But, as the hand of the artist must be watched and guided by the eye, so the soul of speaking man is guided, and the speech apparatus controlled through the sense of hearing."—Heidsiek, Instructor in the Breslau Institution, Prussia.

Language is the storehouse of the mind, and if ideas are to be clear and distinct, they must be wedded to words as seen or heard. We think in words, and language or speech is not only a means of communicating our ideas to others, but it is also, and chiefly, the medium of communing with one's own mind, with one's own thoughts. In other words, the soul uses language mentally as a mirror in which it can view and understand itself, and by that means it is able to see and study its own movements with the greatest clearness.

The deaf-mute knows neither spoken nor written language; he has no conception of audible speech; and he is unable to express mentally the emotions of his soul in articulate sounds. He cannot think in words as a person does who speaks and hears. The mental incapacity from which he suffers is the source of the immense difficulties encountered in educating him; for the teacher must, with infinite patience, reduce to their simplest

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elements the ideas which he seeks to impart—otherwise he will not be able to communicate light to the blind soul. Instruction can be given only by signs, that language, namely, which enters the mind through the sense of sight. There is no authentic case of a deaf-mute who evolved even a few words by his own unaided efforts. When he is taught by lip-language to pronounce a number of words, such words he is unable to hear, and to him they are no more than signs, like those of the manual alphabet. Hence, despite the fact that he possesses vocal organs and that he lives constantly with people who can hear and speak, he remains totally ignorant of spoken language; for, deprived of the sense of hearing, he lacks "that power of correct articulation which is an essential condition of spontaneous vocal utterance."

In the 7th chapter of the Gospel according to St. Mark, the cure of a man who was deaf and dumb is narrated. It is not stated that the man was born deaf. From the expression that after his cure he "spoke right," some interpreters conclude that he was able previously to speak in some halting fashion; but Cornelius a Lapide says, in his commentary on the passage, that the opinion of others who hold that the man had always been deaf, and consequently dumb, is just as probable. This second opinion makes the miracle more striking and glorious. For our Lord not only conferred the power of hearing and speaking, but made the man at once "speak right"; that is, He infused, in an instant, into the mind of

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the deaf-mute the knowledge of spoken language, or the faculty of conceiving rightly all spoken symbols, connecting them correctly with their corresponding outward objects, and expressing unhesitatingly in speech the connection between the two. If hearing were suddenly restored to an ordinary deaf-mute, it would be necessary for him, first, to learn the words as a baby does by this sense, and by a long and slow progress to connect such words with their proper objects. Well, then, might the people wonder at this splendid miracle of Divine Power, and say of our Lord, "He hath done all things well. He hath made both the deaf to hear and the dumb to speak!" implying a double miracle.

This kindness of Our Blessed Lord should incite His followers to do everything in their power to help the deaf-mutes of the country in which they live. The education of the Catholic deaf in Australasia is an urgent matter, and a glance at what has happened in the United States should be sufficient to stir us up to immediate and decided action. In 1910, the Rev. Father Galvin, C. SS. R., delivered an eloquent address on the deaf-mute question before the Catholic Educational Association in Detroit, and pointed out the deplorable fact that 30,000 Catholic deaf-mutes had lost the faith; he stated, moreover, that the existing Catholic deaf-mute population, estimated to be 10,000 in number, are in great peril of forsaking the Church in a few years. In Australia and New Zealand, according to the usual average or proportion of the deaf to the total

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population, there cannot be less than 400 or 500 Catholics who are deaf-mutes. Yet we have but one Institution for their instruction and relief, namely, that at Waratah, New South Wales, where there are at present 63 children, the largest number that the house can, though at great inconvenience, accommodate. The Waratah establishment is under the care of the Dominican Nuns, skilled instructors of the deaf; and what they do with such zeal and efficiency for those they have care of, needs to be done for the very large number who are neglected. I have no doubt that Catholics who are placed in the State Asylums for the Deaf and Dumb have lost the faith or are in danger of losing it. Those institutions are simply State Schools, and if ordinary State Schools, are, for our children, sources of peril and if even in non-sectarian Universities Catholics sometimes abandon the faith, how sad is the lot of the helpless deaf-mute!

Even if a priest could spare time to give instruction in such State institutions, that instruction could do little to neutralise the anti-Catholic atmosphere of the place. Then how difficult it is to train the deaf-mute child in the knowledge of the mysteries of religion and in due preparation for the Sacraments of the Church. It takes years to communicate a perception of abstract ideas and to bring the deaf to grasp the difference which deliberate purpose or intention makes in the outward action or sin. Thus a man might in his soul be guilty of murder in striking at a statue

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which he believed to be a living person, whereas he might really kill a man by mischance or accident and commit no sin whatever. The uninstructed or partially instructed deaf-mute sees only the outward act and judges accordingly; he cannot perceive the extenuating circumstances, the hidden intention which completely changes the nature of the deed; and many elaborate explanations are necessary to enable him to grasp the idea that seems easy to ordinary people.

At this date (1911) what is most urgently needed is a house for the education of deaf-mute boys. The Waratah Institution takes care of girls and boys who are very young, and even this, our sole Deaf-Mute Charity, is heavily burdened with debt. If a beginning were made in some central locality, easy of approach, in, say, the State of Victoria, it would be the means of doing incalculable good and saving many souls. Who with zeal for God's honour and for the sake of souls redeemed by the Blood of Christ, will step forward and commence this most necessary work? Father Galvin says in his stirring address referred to above:—"Who among our wealthy lay people will give of their plenty to build schools for our deaf-mutes? . . . How can our men of wealth afford to fritter away their time and money in idle amusements, vanities and unnecessary luxuries of life when they see souls going to hell for want of schools, when that same money could be used in building and maintaining schools for our deaf-mutes? What priesthood, what sisterhood, what wealthhood

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will offer men and money, minds and means, for this great cause?"

In the middle of the nineteenth century William Nugent Skelly, Q.C., was a zealous member of the committee for the great Catholic Institution for the Deaf and Dumb at Cabra, Dublin, and as a means to promote the cause which he had so much at heart, he wrote some pathetic verses expressive of the lot of deaf-mute children. Here are some lines from the poem :—

Ah! pity the poor little deaf and dumb child,  
Whose pleasures in life are so few,  
Since Nature with less of benignity smiled  
On him, than she has upon you.

No words from a fond loving mother I hear,  
To soothe me in sickness or woe;  
No sounds of affection to dry up the tear  
That sorrow bids oftentimes flow.

But oh! how consoling to hope when I pray  
To God by whom all things are given,  
That He will receive me on that happy day  
When called to His Kingdom of Heaven.

And then, O my God, I will speak my heart's prayer—  
The first I could speak unto Thee—  
That Thou, in Thy mercy, will graciously spare  
All those who had pity on me.

Undoubtedly, Our Divine Saviour will pour the abundance of His mercy and loving kindness on all who help efficiently those afflicted members of His flock and will return a hundred-fold even in this life, for the money which is expended in so meritorious a cause.

## SOME VICTIMS OF THE PARIS COMMUNE IN 1871.

At the beginning of the seventies of the last century Paris passed through a memorable crisis in her history. She was besieged and taken by the German armies, and she experienced the horrors of civil war. In the siege she maintained a gallant and stubborn defence, but she had entered on a struggle with one stronger than herself, and the natural result followed—she was defeated.

Though she issued from the contest, panting, enfeebled, and bleeding, she suffered no loss of honour. Europe could sympathise sincerely with the misfortunes of her who was once the gayest of the gay. But days of terror and shame followed. Paris rose up in maniac fury, and raged against herself. She fought (and her madness made her cruel, strong and cunning) with those who would restrain her frenzy, and she blindly tore her own members, till, bleeding from every pore, she came nigh to death. To restrain her dangerous violence it was necessary to fling her to the ground by sheer force, and keep upon her a firm hand and watchful eye.

In 1872 I gazed with melancholy interest upon the blackened walls of the Tuilleries, the Hotel de Ville, and many other imposing structures, which were burnt during the civil war. They were striking monuments of that dark

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period, which has been well called the Second Reign of Terror.

Time and space alike forbidding any attempt at a narrative of the rise and fall of the Paris Communal Government, I shall endeavour to place before the readers a few facts connected with the fate of some of the victims who perished while that Government held sway within the city. The victims, whose sufferings I have chosen to narrate, are the Jesuit Fathers, who were shot with the Archbishop of Paris and the other ecclesiastics by the emissaries of the Commune, and of whom I heard much while in France.

On the breaking out of hostilities between the Commune and the French regular army, established at Versailles, a large number of persons were seized and cast into prison, to be detained as hostages for the preservation of Communist rights. A decree was made that for every Communist or partizan of the Commune, executed by the Versailles, three hostages should be killed.

A characteristic of French Revolutions is a hatred of all religion. In the Revolution of 1789 Christianity was abolished, and the worship of a prostitute under the title of Goddess of Reason, was established.

In a similar manner, it was affirmed under the Commune that the worship of the Crucified should give place to that of the Goddess of Reason, and a Communist official, giving a priest written permission to visit a dying prisoner, worded the document thus:—"These

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presents are to authorize the Governor to allow the visit of citizen A to citizen B, who says he is the servant of somebody called God." Publications and caricatures, hideous with wanton blasphemy, were cried in the streets, and spread broadcast through the city. The Communists would be free with a vengeance. Not only in the social and political order were they determined to do as they liked, despite all form of authority, but they would not acknowledge the supremacy even of the Creator Himself. Their hatred of religion urged them to extreme measures in dealing with the clergy. "The criterion of our revolution," said one of their highest officials, "is death to the priests." Monseigneur Darboy, Archbishop of Paris, M. Deguerry, Cure of the Madeline, the Cure of St. Roch, and the Cure of St. Augustine, were arrested on the 5th of April, 1871. Several churches were forcibly entered and pillaged. The robbers burlesqued, with consecrated particles, the giving of holy communion. While in the Madeline, one of them, hearing l'Abbe Lamazou mention the name of God, cried out, "Shut up! hold your tongue! for, if God did exist, and He came down here, I would shoot Him!"

The Jesuit Fathers had two principal houses in Paris; one was the College of St. Genevieve, No. 18 Rue Lhomond, and the other, a residence or presbytery attached to a church in the Rue de Sevres.

The pupils of the College had been removed, on account of the disturbed state of Paris, to a country house, distant some 20 kilometres from

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the city. It was a wise precaution, for the College soon after fell a prey to the Communists. On the night of April 3rd, an armed battalion of Guards surrounded No. 18 Rue Lhomond, and knocked violently at the principal door. The porter made answer that the keys were in the Rector's room, and that he would fetch them. But there was no restraining the impatience of the Guards, they would have the door opened at once. The bugle sounded loudly, and a volley from the rifles crashed through the glass of the windows. At length, the Father Rector threw the door open, and was immediately arrested by the leader of the band, who took possession of the College in the name of the Commune. The Jesuits, he said, had arms and ammunition concealed in the house. This statement, the Rector, Father Ducoudray, calmly denied. A search was instituted, and no arms being found, everything else was appropriated by the ruffianly gang. Fortunately, the library and the cabinet containing the instruments for the natural philosophy class, sustained but little injury. At five o'clock in the morning the bugle gave the signal for departure. Father Ducoudray, Father Alexis Clerc, and Father Anatole de Bengy, with five other Fathers, four lay brothers, and seven servants, were taken as prisoners to the "Prefecture de Police." There, the head of the battalion, revolver in hand, interrogated Father Ducoudray regarding the concealed arms. The latter denied that there were arms in the College—if there were any, he had no knowledge of their being there. He

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was told that concealing arms was not his only crime, that he had been guilty of many others. A list of these was read: Poisoning the sick and wounded at the Ambulance, perversion of youth, and conspiracy with the Versailles Government, were the principal. Father Ducoudray remained silent. To such fantastic charges he could not have made a better answer.

The citizen leader made out a list of the prisoners. When he came to the aristocratic name of De Bengy, he cried out, "Anatole de Bengy—here is a name to get your throat cut for you." Father de Bengy said that he hoped his throat would not be cut because of his name. He was asked his age, and he made answer that it was forty-seven. "Well, you have lived long enough." Then they were all thrown into prison. The house in the Rue de Sevres was similarly attacked and plundered.

Father Olivaint, the Superior, and Father Caubert, the Procurator, were arrested and imprisoned.

After being detained for a few days in the Conciergerie, the Fathers were transferred, with the Archbishop and a number of other ecclesiastics, to the great prison of Mazas, where each was placed in solitary confinement

Father de Ponlevoy, in his interesting book on the captivity and death of the Jesuit Fathers, gives letters written by the captives, and from them we see that even in the living tomb in which they were buried, they derived from a resigned and peaceful spirit a greater

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degree of content than the unhappy authors of their misfortunes enjoyed. The letters show that they were allowed to receive presents of food, clothes, and books from friends outside the prison. Father Olivaint, writing from the Conciergerie, says:—"You will think me a strange character; but I am really not so badly off here. I placed myself in retreat when I arrived; by this means I live far more in the heart of our good God than in my cell. I thus deceive places and times, men and events; I profit by everything, and am very happy. . . . Not a hair of my head will fall without the will of the Master, I know well; and if He makes the hair fall, and something else besides, it will be for my greater good."

From the same place Father Clerc wrote to his brother, M. Jules Clerc:—"I was just preparing for breakfast when your parcel arrived. I did honour to everything. This opportune arrival is one of the thousand tendernesses of our Father in Heaven. . . . I will not ask permission of the Prefecture to get my books. With my Bible, I have enough to nourish my soul during more time than I shall be in prison, even if I remain here till I die of old age."

Father Olivaint wrote on the 19th of April, asking earnestly for some books, mentioning in particular a Latin Bible with large print, and Bellarmine's Commentary on the Psalms.

Father Clerc, on the 22nd, wrote for a number of mathematical works, adding:—"In fine, if you can also procure me St. Thomas' 'Somme Theologique' I shall be well provided

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for a long time. As for food and linen, I want none, the charity of some good soul provides them. Did you answer my last letter? Was the answer given me? I don't know. They talk of the inclosure of Religious houses—that of Mazas is not to be despised."

In other letters he says:—"I pray, I study, I read, I write a little, and I find time passes quickly, even at Mazas. . . . The mortification of a solitary life is a small thing to a Religious, accustomed to silence and study, and whose whole life is passed in his religious cell."

Father Caubert speaks of a visit which he received from the Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States. "It seems I have been recommended to him by some lady of his acquaintance. He came very cordially, like a true American, to know how I was, and if I wanted anything." In a later letter he speaks about his cell. "At midday it is well lighted. I can only see the sky; but that is something, when we have the habit of raising our souls to God. A prisoner is much to be pitied when he has neither faith, nor the habit of praying; he must suffer much in his isolation, but with faith, what a difference! The soul is no longer alone; she can hold converse with God, our Father in Heaven, with our Lord, her Saviour and friend, with the angels, her brothers. In her moments of faintheartedness (for every one has them), the soul re-animates and strengthens herself by prayer, and, by the help of God's goodness, she does not fail to recover strength, consolation, and confidence."

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On the 10th of May, Father de Bengy, writing to his sister, the Countess de Foucauld, and other members of his family, says:—"I am wonderfully well. Since the 3rd April I have not felt the least physical pain. I am as well treated as possible, and I am not dull; I am quite accustomed to the prison bed, and I sleep perfectly in my hammock. It seems to me that I am calm and resigned."

From Father Ducoudray we have a letter of so intimate a nature, that he himself calls it an "account of conscience." In it he gives his rule of life for each day, and then speaks of his interior trials. This is his order of time:— "Five, I rise, sweep, and clear my cell; six, meditation (on some Gospel truth), which I usually prolong till half-past seven or eight; Matins and Lauds, Prime and Tierce; quarter to nine, beads; nine, breakfast, Matins and Lauds of the Little Office of our Lady; then I assist in spirit for half-an-hour at the Mass that is said at that hour, and I make afterwards a quarter of an hour's thanksgiving; quarter to twelve, Examen (of conscience); twelve, beads, which I always say for our dear community; then reading the newspapers\*; about two, I read or work, taking notes till four; I must add, that between nine and four, in a very variable manner, comes an hour, in which they take us to walk in a space as large as the half of the recreation room, where we go singly between two walls; at four, I finish the little Hours, I recite Vespers and Compline of the

\*They were allowed to see some of the journals favourable to the Commune.

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Great Office, and of the Office of the Blessed Virgin ; five, I dine and wash up ; six, spiritual reading, and a little exercise in my cell, which is five or six metres long, by two wide ; seven, a little of my journal ; half-past seven, preparation of meditation ; quarter to eight, Examen (of conscience) ; eight, beads (third chaplet), which completes the Rosary ; quarter-past eight, Litanies (of the Saints) ; half-past eight, I put down my hammock and make my bed ; quarter to nine, bed. Such is my day."

Further on, he lets us gaze into his soul. "This poor heart," he says, "is much tempted to escape and rebound. Imagination would willingly be of the party. Neither of them allows itself to be as much ruled by reason as I would wish. Hence, at certain hours, some attacks or beatings of ennui, sufferings of soul, which bring on langour, discouragement, disquiet and disgust. There are things which are not understood till felt. I had the happy thought to put into my pocket on leaving the house, a little book containing the 'Novum Testamentum' and the 'Imitation of Christ.' I have read a good deal of St. Paul. What a grand and admirable heart! Reading, if well felt, dilates the soul. And then he has been in many more labours, in prisons more frequently, as he writes himself. And I, who am as yet only in one prison, shall I boast of suffering anything? But if we are of those, of whom it is written, 'You shall be hated by all men for My name's sake'—how paltry again are our tribulations, compared with those of the Great Apostle!"

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The writer of the foregoing concludes his last letter in these terms:—"From the first day I held myself in readiness for all sacrifices For I have the sweet and strong confidence that if God makes of us, Priests and Religious, hostages and victims, it is *in odium fidei*, *in odium nominis Jesu Christi*. Let us pray, and pray much, disposed to live if God wills it like good sons of our blessed Father St. Ignatius."

On the 12th of May, Father Olivaint wrote:—"This very day a month ago I came to Mazas. Of all other things, it is what I least expected. After all, to be here with God, is quite as well as being elsewhere."

"I have no trouble about finding plenty of occupation. This is the thirty-eighth day of my ecclesiastical retreat. So I shall have also my forty days in the desert—nay, and even better than that. To be sure, the fast is wanting, and you cannot flatter yourself that you have imitated the angels, you who came so quickly to succour me. May our Lord Jesus Christ not allow you to pine too long for the reward; may He soon bestow upon you both strength and life within! Courage and trust, always and whatever happens—such is my motto, ever old, and yet ever new."

The last days were drawing near, the days of which Father Clerc wrote—"The worst days are not yet past; on the contrary, they are coming, and they will be so bad that the goodness of God must needs shorten them; but we are close upon them."

On the 21st of May, the Versailles troops en-

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tered Paris, and the hostages were cheered with the hope of a speedy deliverance. The revival of hope brought joy to the hearts of many, and the next day when the keepers (some of them strange ones) appeared with a summons to quit their cells, and descend to the prison parlour, the prisoners did not doubt but that the hour of release had come. But a single terrible word rudely dashed the cup of happiness from their lips, LA ROQUETTE! the prison assigned to those who were condemned to death. They were about to be transferred from Mazas to La Roquette.

They were all assembled for the calling of the roll. The Archbishop, Monseigneur Darboy, was there, and the other prisoners, priests, religious, and laity, crowded round him offering him their sympathy. After the roll call, the prisoners, forty in number, were conveyed in open vans through the faubourgs St. Antoine and La Bastille towards La Roquette.

The Abbe Perny, in his evidence before the third court-martial (sitting of August 7th), spoke of his journey to La Roquette in the following terms: "I have lived for five and twenty years among savage tribes, and I never saw anything so horrible as those faces of men, women, and children, all dashing at us, in our progress from Mazas to La Roquette."

At La Roquette the cellular system did not prevail, and the prisoners had the consolation of meeting from time to time. Just before leaving Mazas, the Jesuit Fathers had received a number of consecrated hosts, and they were

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able to give the Archbishop and the priests the Viaticum. Deeply interesting as are all the details of the time spent in La Roquette, want of space compels me to omit much, and to hasten on to the final catastrophe.

After severe fighting in the outskirts, the troops of the regular army, as we have already stated, penetrated the enclosure of Paris on the morning of May the 21st. They entered the city, filled with fury against the Commune, and resolved to stamp out that spirit of revolution, which, fostered in the capital, as in a hot-bed, had been to the rest of France the fruitful source of suffering and shame. Ninety thousand strong, they pressed hard the insurgent National Guards. The latter fought like demons behind barricades so skilfully constructed that they might be regarded as real fortresses. Success crowned the efforts of the Versailles troops, who won their way slowly, but surely, into the heart of the city. At length, the insurgents were driven within their last stronghold, the most revolutionary quarters of Paris. It was now the early summer, and the weather was beautiful, but the sun gazed upon nought in Paris but scenes of horror. The Communists stood at bay, and as they saw that the end was come, they resolved that Paris should perish with them. During the night of the 27th of May, a broad red glare darted suddenly upwards, and the minds of the Government soldiers were filled with horror when they found that Paris was on fire. The insurgents had summoned petroleum to their aid, and with it they sought to produce a scene

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of universal conflagration and ruin. The morning dawned, and the calm blue sky was flooded with radiance, but a huge cloud of smoke hung over the burning city, and shut out the cheerful light. Enough of mischief was not yet done. It was in the power of the Communists to consummate their guilt by the murder of the helpless prisoners whom they held in their hands as hostages. This, too, they did before their reign of terror closed. Then, amidst sounds of deadly strife, the booming of cannon, the crackling roll of chasse-pots and the hurtling of balls and shells, the Red Republicans, some drunk with wine, others drunk with blood, most of them, if not all, furious with the rage inspired by despair, fought on to the bitter end. Like wild boars that turn on the hunters, they fought and died.

The first victims amongst the hostages were Monseigneur Darboy, the Archbishop, and five others. At six o'clock on the evening of Wednesday, the 24th of May, a Communist officer brought to La Roquette a written order, worded thus: "Sixty-eight hostages must be shot. This morning, at the barricade of the Rue Caumartin, a captain and six of our men were killed." The clerk of the Record-office said that there must be some mistake. It was out of all proportion to shoot sixty-eight hostages for the death of seven Communists. The number was then changed, and a fresh order came to the effect that six priests should be shot. Strangely enough, a lay hostage, M. Bonjean, the President of the Court of Cassation, was named as one of the six priests.

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Francois, the governor of the prison, was commissioned to execute the condemned. At the head of fifty National Guards, he proceeded to the first floor of the western wing. Holding in his hand a list, marked with a red pencil, he cried out in a loud voice, "Citizen Darboy, Citizen Deguerry, Citizen Bonjean, Citizen Allard, Citizen Ducoudray, and Citizen Clerc." M. Deguerry was the parish priest of the Madeleine, a venerable old man, eighty years of age. L'Abbe Allard was an apostolic missionary, who had devoted himself to the care of the wounded during the war. My readers will recognise the names which close the list, as those of two Jesuit Fathers. As each name was called, its owner stepped from his cell, answering in a firm voice, "Present." All then defiled down a dark and narrow staircase, and bent their steps towards a circular alley, between the prison and its boundary wall. On the way, the prisoners were subjected to the most brutal insults. The Archbishop walked arm-in-arm with M. Bonjean. The two Jesuit Fathers supported the white-haired Cure of the Madeleine. M. Allard followed alone. Showing no signs of weakness or fear, they spoke words of encouragement to one another, and all had the happiness of receiving a last sacramental absolution. Most of them had partaken of the Holy Communion a short time before. As they approached the place of execution, Father Ducoudray put his hand into his bosom, took from it a small bag which hung round his neck, and administered to himself the Bread of the Angels, as a Viaticum for his

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journey into eternity. When, previous to the execution, the soldiers were drawn up in order, the Archbishop spoke a few words, assuring them that he wished them no evil for what they were about to do. Two, less hardened than the rest, fell upon their knees and implored his pardon. This filled the others with fury. They rushed upon them with blows and curses, and so grossly insulted the condemned, that the officer in command was obliged to interfere. "Comrades," he said, "we are here to shoot these men, not to outrage them." The prisoners, placed in a line against the wall of the enclosure, were shot, one after another, L'Abbe Allard being the first victim, and M. Deguerry the last. It is said that Father Clerc and the Cure of the Madeleine opened the breasts of their cassocks, and offered their hearts to the rifle bullets. When the firing ceased, the soldiers, many of whom were intoxicated, bayoneted the bodies, and partially burned the clothes of the slain. Then the trumpet sounded, the muffled roll of the drum was heard, and the bodies, thrown into a cart, were borne to the cemetery of Pere La Chaise, where, without covering of any kind, they were flung into an open trench. Before leaving the prison, the executioners took possession of whatever money they found in the cells lately occupied by the Archbishop and his companions, and carefully destroyed all papers they could lay their hands on.

On May the 26th, a delegate of the Commune, carrying a list in his hand, appeared before the prisoners assembled in the corridor

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near their cells. Standing in a wide space, where an opening admitted the light, he said:— “Pay attention to the calling of the roll; I must have fifteen names, neither more nor less.” The first names were the three Jesuits, Fathers Olivaint, Caubert, and De Bengy. When the fifteen victims were selected, they asked permission to return to their cells for a moment, as some of them merely wore slippers, and were without hats. “Oh! for what remains to be done,” was the reply, “you are very well **as** you are! Follow me.” New victims, who were first deluded with a false promise of freedom\*, were added from the other quarters of La Roquette, until the total number amounted to fifty.

When leaving the prison, Father Oliviant gave his breviary, which he no longer needed, to the turnkey, but an officer of the National Guards seized it and threw it into the fire. As soon as his back was turned the turnkey rescued it from the flames, and gave it subsequently to the Jesuit Fathers of the Rue de Sevres, who preserve it jealously with many other precious objects that belonged to their martyred brethren. It had been decided that the fifty hostages should be shot in the

\*On the 25th of May, as “Cassell’s History of the Franco-Prussian War” informs us, a number of the Dominican Fathers, who were imprisoned in the Gobelins Factory, were told that they were free to depart, but that they should issue from the prison door one by one. They obeyed the direction, and as they appeared, they were fired upon by the armed National Guards. Only a few were fortunate enough to escape.

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faubourg of Belleville. It took nearly two hours to reach the place of execution. The violence and insolence of the populace, especially of the women, made the way thither a real road to Calvary. At one place the cortege came to a barricade armed with a mitrailleuse. It was proposed by some to blow the prisoners to pieces at once, but such a speedy way of putting an end to them did not find favour with the majority, and the disorderly procession moved on. As the appointed spot drew near, the road became narrower, and an aged priest, failing to keep up with the others, was suddenly seized by a woman, who killed him with a shot from her revolver, and then dragged the body to the place appointed for the execution of the hostages.

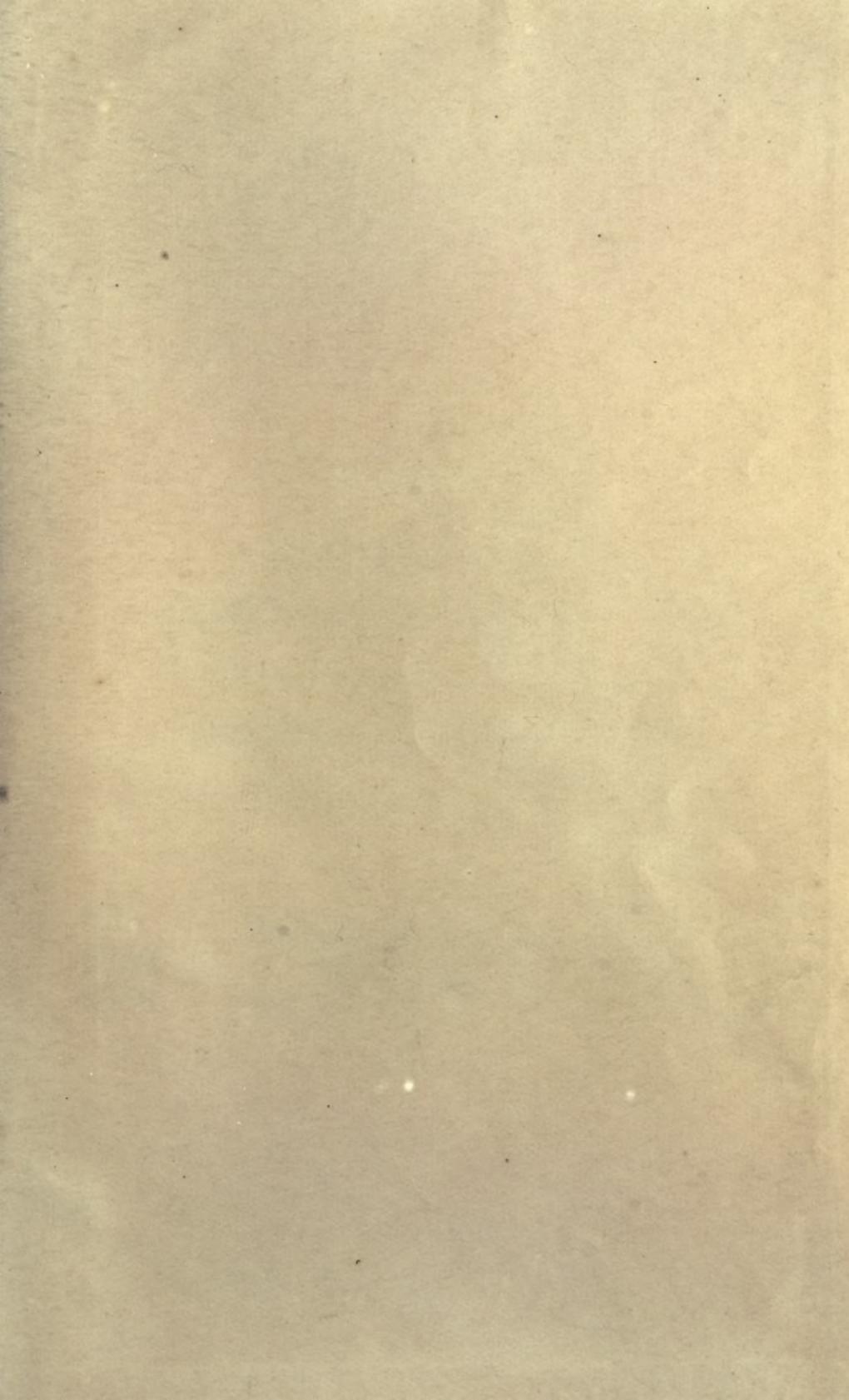
On reaching Rue Haxo, in Belleville, the fifty prisoners were marched into a sort of garden, at the end of which a dancing saloon was a-building. The wall in front was, as yet, but three or four feet high, while the back wall was simply the side of a large building that looked into another street. Into the oblong space between these walls the hostages were rudely driven, the garden being filled with an armed crowd of men, women, and boys. Two officers interposed for a moment between the infuriated populace and their prey. They were told to clear the way at once or they themselves would be the first shot. They were obliged to obey. Then began a regular massacre. Everyone that had a rifle or revolver used it. The prisoners were fired upon as they stood huddled together against the high end wall,

## VICTIMS OF THE PARIS COMMUNE.

and when they fell groaning to the ground, their assailants flung themselves upon them, and, with bayonet and knife, completed the work of slaughter. Even after death they were not spared; their dead bodies were trampled upon, and beaten with the butt ends of muskets, till it was impossible to recognise them; and then, mangled and bleeding, they were flung through a square opening into a cellar, in the space where the massacre occurred. Three days after they were found by the Versailles troops in this dark pit, and it was by the clothes alone that they could be identified.

On Wednesday, the 31st of May, a Solemn Office and Mass were celebrated in the Jesuit Church, Rue de Sevres, for the five Fathers who had perished. The bodies were afterwards carried to the Cemetery of Mont Parnasse. When the touching funeral service was over, a young man advanced from the large and deeply-moved crowd that stood around. It was M. Eugene de Germiny, advocate of the Paris bar, who had been a pupil of Father Olivaint's, in the College of Vaugirard. On behalf of the old pupils of the Jesuit Fathers, many of whom were present, he pronounced, with eloquence and pathos, the funeral panegyric of the deceased.







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